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BILLY'S BUNGALOW

COMEDY

BY

ELEANOR MAUD CRANE

DICK & FITZGERALD

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BILLY'S BUNGALOW

A Comedy in Three Acts and One Scene

• BY

ELEANOR MAUD CRANE

AUTHOR OF "JUST FOR FUN," "MEN, MAIDS AND MATCHMAKERS,"
"A PAIR OF IDIOTS," "A REGULAR FLIRT," "WHEN A MAN'S
SINGLE," "NEXT DOOR," "A LITTLE SAVAGE," "IN THE FERRY
HOUSE," "THE BACHELOR MAID'S REUNION," "YE VILLAGE
SKEWL OF LONG AGO," "THE RAINBOW KIMONA, ETC.

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NEW YORK
DICK & FITZGERALD
18 ANN STREET

BILLY'S BUNGALOW.



CHARACTERS.

BILLY MIDDLETON.....*Builder of the Bungalow.*
PEGGY MIDDLETON... ..*Billy's Wife.*
COL. GEORGE VARKER.....*From Washington.*
MISS LAURA CAULDWELL..... ..*The Unexpected Guest.*
MISS DOROTHY FRENCH..... ..*Peggy's Sister.*
MISS KITTY CAMPBELL.....*Not "out" yet.*
THEODORE THURSTON..... ..*A Friend of Billy's.*
GORDON MIDDLETON.....*Fresh from College.*
THE HON. FRANCIS FAIRWEATHER SPAULDING,
Engaged to Miss French.

TIME.—The present.

PLACE.—Cedar Island. SEASON.—Summer.

TIME OF PLAYING.—Two hours.

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SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—In the course of which the audience becomes acquainted with the members of the house-party forming at the Bungalow. The COLONEL is treated to a shower-bath. The arrival of the uninvited guest. DOROTHY announces her engagement. "How figures can lie." The Bungalow is christened.

ACT. II.—The next morning. The discovery of the departure of the servants with the only boat. GORDON decides to get breakfast. FRANCIS decides to milk the cow. The COLONEL makes coffee. TEDDY makes an omelette. KITTY makes trouble. MISS CAULDWELL makes herself scarce. The landing of the fish.

ACT. III.—The end of the week. KITTY makes a kite. The Sound Steamer passes by. The stolen dinner. "He needed strength." The HON. FRANCIS in a new light. "How do you kill a cow?" A fishing-smack. England, the United States, and "Billy's Bungalow."

COSTUMES.

BILLY MIDDLETON. ACT I.—White flannels. ACT II.—Blue outing-shirt, serge trousers, tan shoes. ACT III.—Light summer suit.

PEGGY. ACT I.—Pretty summer afternoon dress. ACT II.—White muslin gown very simply made. ACT III.—Semi-evening gown.

COL. VARKER. ACT I.—Grey suit, hat, gloves. ACT II.—Khaki uniform or hunting costume. ACT III.—White ducks.

MISS CAULDWELL. ACT I.—Travelling-gown, hat, gloves, veil, small hand-bag, lorgnette. ACT II.—Simple morning-dress. ACT III.—Dressy afternoon costume.

DOROTHY FRENCH. ACT. I.—Pretty travelling-dress, hat, gloves, veil, umbrella. ACT II.—Attractive morning-dress or shirt-waist suit. ACT III.—Dainty afternoon costume.

KITTY CAMPBELL. ACT I.—Travelling-suit, hat, gloves. ACT II.—Girlish morning dress or sailor costume. ACT III.—Pretty afternoon dress.

THEODORE THURSTON. ACTS I. and II.—Blue serge suit, straw hat, grip. ACT. III.—Long ulster or light overcoat. White flannels.

GORDON MIDDLETON. ACT I.—Travelling-suit, hat, grip, tennis-racket, mandolin. ACT II.—Outing shirt, grey trousers, nobby tie, tennis shoes. ACT III.—White ducks.

THE HON. FRANCIS SPAULDING. The latest faddish exaggeration of prevailing English fashion.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Stage properties as per scene-plot at head of ACT. Fishing-tackle, telegram, cigarettes, box of matches for BILLY. Step-ladder, watering-pot, extra coat (for PEGGY to offer COLONEL), decanter, seltzer, sugar, spoon, small glass, box of pills on cellarette for PEGGY. Lorgnette, wraps, small hand-bag, quarter in purse for MISS CAULDWELL. Grip, bag, steamer-rug strapped up for COLONEL. Umbrella for DOROTHY. Time-table for TEDDY. Bottle of beer in cellar-ette. Grips, fishing-rods, tennis-rackets, etc., for men to enter with. Note-book and pencil for FRANCIS.

ACT II.—Letter for PEGGY, apron (for her to give GORDON), china water-pitcher. Percolator or coffee urn, jar of coffee, cigar, matches, large fish for COLONEL. Chafing-dish, bottle of alcohol, matches, bowl of eggs, for TEDDY. Package of rice, sauce-pan, armful of wood for BILLY. Three-legged stool for KITTY. Tray, dishes, platter for DOROTHY. Bread-knife, six loaves of bread in box for GORDON. Jar of cold-cream for FRANCIS. Cups and saucers by percolator. Dust-pan, broom, for BILLY.

ACT III.—Large kite, ball of twine, shears, for KITTY. Small oil-skin bag for FRANCIS. Screen for KITTY and GORDON to hide behind. Book for MISS CAULDWELL. Fishing-rod, flask, for COLONEL. Lantern, ulster, for TEDDY. Cigar, matches, for BILLY. Vegetable-dish for PEGGY. Pistol for GORDON.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

As seen by a performer on the stage, facing the audience, R. means right-hand; L. left-hand; C. center of the stage; R. C. right of center; L. C. left of center; UP, toward rear of stage; DOWN, toward the footlights; U. R., entrance up right; U. L., entrance up left; D. R., down right; D. L., down left.

BILLY'S BUNGALOW.



ACT I.

SCENE.—*Dining-room in the Bungalow. Doors U. R. and U. L. Rugs down. Walls decorated with sporting and hunting pictures, flags, antlers or deer-head. Window draped with madras curtains, L. Cellarette down R. containing decanters of wine, brandy, bottles of seltzer, and beer, small glasses, silver sugar-bowl, spoon, box of quinine-pills. Rubber-plant or palm, small watering-pot, U. L. Dresser or china-cabinet R. C. containing cups and saucers, platters, dishes, china and glass pitchers. Small dining-table with folding-leaves REAR C. Fernery in center of table, books and magazines scattered about. Chair with arms DOWN R. Two or three straight-back chairs. Step-ladder DOWN R. Time, late summer afternoon. Lights up.*

BILLY MIDDLETON is DISCOVERED seated DOWN L. *whistling as he overhauls fishing-tackle.*

ENTER PEGGY U. L.

PEGGY (*standing in doorway and looking about room approvingly*). It's simply perfect, Billy. Just the dearest, sweetest, most beautifullest place in the whole wide world, and I love it.

BILLY (*looking around critically*). Of course it can't compare with Block Island, but——

PEGGY (*indignantly*). Block Island. As if there was a corner of Block Island half so fascinating as this little Bungalow. (*Sitting on the arm of JACK's chair.*) You old fraud. You know well enough you agree with me.

BILLY (*winding fish-line*). Well, I admit, it is a cozy little shanty.

PEGGY (*rising*). Shanty, indeed! (*Goes up step-ladder to straighten picture*) But, just as you say. (*Sighs*) I think we can manage to exist for a couple of weeks in this disgraceful hovel. (*Moves picture a couple of inches, then looks at it with her head on one side*)

BILLY (*rising and going to foot of ladder*). Peggy, you goose.

PEGGY (*looking down*). Billy, I'm so happy I could cry.

BILLY (*laughingly*). Cry baby, cry——

PEGGY (*in feigned indignation*). If you dare to call me names, I shall descend and annihilate you.

BILLY (*extending his arms*). Come on. I await my doom. (*Pauses.*) What's the matter? Aren't you coming?

PEGGY. No. I have decided to stand upon my dignity. (*BILLY grasps sides of ladder*) Billy Middleton, if you shake this ladder, I'll scream "Bloody Murder."

BILLY. Then come down. I am waiting to be annihilated. How long do you expect to stay up there anyway?

PEGGY (*turning to picture*). Until I get this picture properly hung.

BILLY (*impatiently*). Oh, picture be hanged.

PEGGY. That's just what I say. (*BILLY goes a step or two up ladder*) Billy, don't come up, don't. Just look at your hands. You ridiculous boy. (*BILLY tries to embrace her*) Suppose Bridget should come in. (*Evades embrace*)

BILLY. Bother Bridget!

PEGGY. I dassen't. I'm scared to death at the sight of her. (*Sits on top of ladder*) Billy, I wonder what she thinks of us anyway.

BILLY. My dear child, I don't suppose she condescends to honor us with a thought.

PEGGY (*trying to arrange BILLY's hair to her satisfaction, then looking at him, drawing back to get a better effect*). Well, I wasn't going to have her think I was a silly flibberty-gibbet, so this morning I mentioned sort of casually that we'd been married three months.

BILLY. Bully for you! Was she properly impressed?

PEGGY (*sighing*). She replied scornfully, "I thought ez much. I kin always spot 'em."

BILLY. Don't you care, Peg. She can cook like a dream if she hasn't an ounce of sentiment.

PEGGY. She asked me where the 'phone was and when I explained that our chief object in building the Bungalow was to get as far as possible from all that sort of thing, she snorted: "Hem, all fools are not dead yit."

BILLY (*going back to tackle*). She's a bird. But all the same I think we're dead in luck. She's warranted not to rip, tear, or run down at the heel and Mike is as steady as they come. Handles the oars better than I can. Rowed the Colonel over from the Point in half an hour. Half an hour! Can you beat it?

PEGGY (*coming down from ladder*). Billy! The Colonel here? And you never told me. Where is he?

BILLY. Getting the lay of the land.

PEGGY. The water you mean. (*Shuts up ladder*.)

BILLY (*taking ladder from her and talking as he puts it away*). That's what fetches him. Just wait till you see the kit he's brought. Ready to land anything from a Stingeree to a sea-serpent.

PEGGY (*arranging books and ornaments on table*). Isn't it time for Mike to go for the girls?

BILLY (*putting up tackle*). He's gone. And as soon as he gets back, I'll row over for the men. It's a beastly shame about the sloop. If Withers had only kept his word, we could both have sailed over to the Point for them and all come back together.

PEGGY. When does he say she'll be ready?

BILLY. Saturday. Then we'll have some sport. I tell you, Peggy, we'll have the jolliest little house-party you ever saw.

PEGGY. Won't it be fun. We've got just the right people together. I was so afraid Dot would disappoint me and I'm crazy for her to meet Stanley Seaman.

BILLY (*slapping his pockets*). By George, Peggy, I clean forgot to tell you I had a telegram from Stanley this morning. Found it waiting for me at the Point. (*Takes telegram from pocket*.)

PEGGY (*putting her hands behind her and backing away from BILLY*). Don't tell me he isn't coming.

BILLY (*pocketing telegram*). All right, I won't. But he sailed yesterday on the Lucania.

PEGGY (*in dismay*). Billy!

BILLY. Peggy!

PEGGY. What are we going to do? That just spoils everything.

BILLY (*cheerfully*). Not a bit of it. I knew you'd feel cut up, so I stopped at the Golf Club and called up Teddy Thurston.

PEGGY. Billy, you didn't?

BILLY. Sure I did.

PEGGY. And he's coming?

BILLY. Sure, he's coming.

PEGGY. Did you tell him Dot would be here?

BILLY. You bet your boots I didn't. Give me credit for a little tact.

PEGGY (*shaking her head at him*). Tact. My dear boy, you are the blunderingest old idiot that ever lived. Dot will rend you limb from limb.

BILLY. Nonsense. Now you just let me manage this and I'll show you a thing or two.

PEGGY. But you don't understand.

BILLY. I know they're both so desperately in love with each other that they can't see straight.

PEGGY. Are you aware of the fact that Dot jilted him?

BILLY. I am, and it served him right. Any man who's afraid of the girl he's in love with—(*sits himself R.*)

PEGGY (*archly*). Look out! Look out!

BILLY. Do you mean to insinuate that *I* was ever afraid of you?

PEGGY. Of course you were. Scared stiff. (*Leans over his chair-back.*)

BILLY. Not a bit of it. I didn't propose to you sooner because—(*Takes cigarette from pocket. Strikes match.*) May I?

PEGGY. Because why?

BILLY (*lighting cigarette*). Because I wanted to find out something first.

PEGGY. What did you want to find out? (*Sits herself on the arm of his chair.*)

BILLY (*throwing match into scrap-basket*). But as for Dot and Thurston—

PEGGY. What did you want to find out?

BILLY (*crossing his knees and puffing smoke carelessly toward ceiling*). I shall make it my business to see that they put an end to all their nonsense.

PEGGY (*taking cigarette from him and holding it out of his reach*). What did you want to find out? What did you want to find out? What did you want to find out?

BILLY (*looking at her seriously*). Are you sure you want to know?

PEGGY. I certainly am.

BILLY. And you won't breathe a word of it to a living soul?

PEGGY. Hope to die if I do.

BILLY (*rising*). And you won't hold it against me?

PEGGY (*reluctantly*). No-o-o-o.

READY COL. VARKER *to enter* U. L.

BILLY (*edging toward door*). Well,—just to find out—if the—back of—your little neck was really—made of rubber.

[EXIT BILLY, *hastily*, U. L.

PEGGY (*rushing to door after him*). You wretch! You'll pay for this. I'll get even with you. (*Stops at door. BILLY can be heard whistling off stage. She catches up watering-pot from the floor beside flower-stand. Calls sweetly*) Billy, Billy, come here a minute. I want to speak to you. (*Whistling stops. Footsteps heard approaching. PEGGY raises watering-pot.*)

ENTER COL. VARKER, U. L., *to catch a lively shower*.

COLONEL (*starting back in dismay*). Bless my soul! Why—why—what on earth——

PEGGY (*dropping watering-pot and clasping her hands in dismay*). Oh, Colonel Varker, I'm sorry! I—I thought you were Billy.

COL. (*trying to brush off water with his handkerchief*). And what has Billy done to deserve such a wet blanket?

PEGGY (*trying to help him brush off water and touching his coat-sleeve*). You poor thing. You are simply drenched. Hadn't you better change your coat?

COL. That's all right, Mrs. Middleton. Don't you bother. Do me good. Nothing like a shower-bath to—to—to. Excuse me. (*Sneezes*) Achoo!

PEGGY (*remorsefully*). There you go catching cold. Oh, won't you take off that wet coat? Just to please me?

COL. Why—why, when you put it that way. Achoo! A-a-achoo.

PEGGY. I do put it that way. And please don't wait.

COL. (*starting toward door. Then stopping*). But, by George. I can't. My grip——

PEGGY. Didn't Mike bring it up? Then you must borrow something of Billy's.

COL. But my dear Mrs. Middleton.

PEGGY. You must. Of course they won't exactly fit,

[EXIT PEGGY U. R.

COL. Don't—don't mind. This will soon dry. Achoo! Achoo!

PEGGY (*re-entering* U. R., *carrying man's coat*). There. That's the biggest thing I could find. (*Helps* COL. *into*

white coat). And now you must let me get you some quinine and whiskey.

COL. No, no. I couldn't. Really.

PEGGY. I insist. Billy always takes it. That is, of course when it's necessary.

COL. But—I couldn't. Never did in my life. Never.

PEGGY. Neither did I till Billy made me one day. It went straight to my head, but it did break up the cold. It's wonderful. (*Goes to cellarette*)

COL. Never tasted the beastly stuff.

PEGGY. See, I'll give you just one spoonful—a little one—and lots of water—so. (*Fills glass*) Oh, yes, I'll put in some sugar too. (*Takes glass to COL.*) Really it's not so bad if you shut your eyes and swallow it down fast.

COL. Bless you, it's not the whiskey I'm objecting to, it's the quinine. Never took a pill in my life. Sticks in your throat. Chokes you.

PEGGY (*eagerly*). Oh, no it doesn't. Not a bit. You put it under your tongue—so (*takes pill*), and then you take the whiskey down after it quick. This way and—(*swallows pill, gulps down whiskey, gasps and makes a face, shudders*) there you are!

COL. (*taking glass from her*). And there *you* are—yes, but—but—where am I? (*Looks into empty glass*)

PEGGY (*horrified*). Oh, oh, how perfectly horrid of me. I didn't *mean* to take it. Really I didn't. What shall I do? Why—why, what will Billy say?

COL. Don't tell him.

PEGGY. But I'll have to. He, he'll smell it in my breath.

COL. Couldn't possibly. I don't.

PEGGY. But Billy would.

COL. Nonsense. I can smell whiskey as far off as any man. Farther than most. But—(*sniffs*). No—you're safe. Quite safe.

PEGGY (*twisting her handkerchief*). But—but when he kisses me—

COL. Kisses you?

PEGGY (*nodding*). Um—um.

COL. Are you going away?

PEGGY. No, of course not—only—

COL. By George, I clean forgot. Bride and groom. How long have you been married?

PEGGY. Three months.

COL. (*thoughtfully*). Three months. Billy Middleton married three months and still kisses his wife. Most of

them are kissing some other man's wife by that time.

PEGGY (*turning angrily from him*). Colonel Varker! How perfectly horrid.

COL. There, there, I'm not saying Billy would. Fact is—know he wouldn't. Married women never were his forte. Now—now if you were single. George, if you were a single girl!

PEGGY (*turning furiously to COL.*). Do you mean to say that Billy would kiss a single girl now—if he had the opportunity?

READY BILLY *to enter* U. L.

COL. Never knew him to fail. Hadn't an opportunity—made one.

PEGGY (*furiously*). I don't believe it. I don't believe Billy ever kissed any girl but me in his life. He—he told me he didn't.

COL. Told you—Billy told you that—by George, that's rich. That's too good to keep. Wait till the boys hear it. Billy Middleton—(*Laughs*)

PEGGY (*clenching her fists*). How dare you laugh like that? How dare you?

ENTER BILLY U. L.

BILLY (*looking from PEGGY to the COL. in amazement*). Why—why, what the mischief, —,

PEGGY (*bursting into tears*). Billy, he—he's perfectly hor—hor—horrid. He—he said——

BILLY (*putting his hand on PEGGY's shoulder*). What, Peggy?

PEGGY. He—he—said you—wouldn't kiss a married woman.

BILLY. What nonsense. Of course I would. I mean of course I wouldn't.

PEGGY. And—and that if I were single you'd—you'd kiss me quick enough.

BILLY. I'd like to know who wouldn't—if they had half a chance.

READY MISS CAULDWELL *to enter* U. L.

PEGGY (*wiping her eyes*). But you don't understand. He—he said that even if—I mean though you were married to me—you'd kiss me if I were a single girl.

BILLY (*laughingly*). Peggy. How could you be married and single at the same time?

PEGGY (*rising and turning to BILLY with flashing eyes*).

Oh, you—you're trying to laugh it off, but you know well enough what he means and—and—so do I. And—and what's more I—I believe it all and—and—I don't care.

BILLY (*catching her by the arm*). Peggy, listen to me—

PEGGY. I tell you I don't care. You can kiss whom you please. But you shall never kiss me again—never. Never.

[EXIT PEGGY U. R.]

BILLY (*angrily to COL.*). What in thunder did you get me into this for? Haven't you any gumption?

[EXIT BILLY after PEGGY.]

COL. (*mopping his brow and looking around in amazement*). By George, tornadoes, cyclones. Achoo! Achoo! Where's that whiskey? (*Goes to cellarette. Takes a drink*)

ENTER MISS CAULDWELL U. L.

MISS CAULDWELL. Peggy! Peggy! Where in the world is Peggy?

COL. (*shortly*). Hanged if I know.

[READY PEGGY to enter U. R.]

MISS C. (*looking at COL. severely through her lorgnette*). Don't be impertinent or I shall report you.

COL. (*looking at MISS CAULDWELL in surprise*). I beg your pardon. (*Goes toward door*)

MISS C. That's better. Wait a minute, my man. I want you to go to the landing and fetch the three grips you'll find there.

COL. But madam—(*MISS C. glares at him again through lorgnette. COL. meekly*). Ye-es-es, madam. Certainly ma'am. Did—did you say three grips?

MISS C. Yes. They are not large ones. Where's my purse? (*Looks through small hand-bag*) Oh, here. (*Takes out quarter*)

COL. (*backing away*). That—that's all right, madam.

MISS C. Miss, if you please. You *must* take it. I always tip no matter what the rules are. And for goodness sake don't stand gaping at me. I hate to be gaped at. Make haste.

COL. (*flushing red, catching up hat*). Yes, ma'am. Miss—ma'am, miss—ma'am.

[EXIT COL. U. L.]

ENTER PEGGY U. R.

PEGGY (*starting when she sees MISS CAULDWELL*). Why—why—Cousin Laura—you?

MISS C. (*embracing PEGGY*). My dear child, your mother

told me of your house-party and I just knew you'd need me. No, of course you wouldn't say so, but I knew it, so I packed up my things and came as a little surprise.

PEGGY (*slowly*). It—it was awfully good of you.

MISS C. Not a bit of it. I wanted to come. I always like to go where I can be of service.

PEGGY. But—I'm afraid I can hardly make you comfortable. Billy only built a bungalow, you see, just half a dozen rooms.

MISS C. (*taking off and folding her veil*). Don't apologize, for mercy's sake. You know I can tuck in anywhere. (*Cheerfully*) Anywhere at all.

PEGGY. But—Cousin Laura—you don't realize that every inch of space is packed jammed full.

MISS C. (*taking off her gloves*). Now don't talk like that or I'll think you don't want me. What's the matter with your couch? Couldn't I sleep there?

PEGGY. Oh, but I couldn't ask you to do that. I'll see if one of the girls—

MISS C. Now you shall do nothing of the sort or I'll leave to-morrow. I'll cut my visit short.

PEGGY (*frowning thoughtfully*). I'd give up *my* room, but Billy—

READY COLONEL *to enter* U. L.

MISS C. Nonsense. I tell you I'll take the couch. I always retire late and I'm up early. Now don't say another word about it or I'll get my feelings hurt. And you know what my feelings are. (*Looks out of window*) See, here comes your man now with my grips. I sent him to the landing for them.

PEGGY (*in amazement*). My man? You sent—what man?

MISS C. The man I found making himself at home with your cellarette. I do think, Peggy, Billy should keep those things under lock and key. Such a temptation.

PEGGY (*puzzled, going to cellarette*). Mike in my cellar-ette? Mike? (*Turns to Miss C.*) Why, he's gone for the girls ages ago.

MISS C. I don't know what you call him, but here he comes now. And what a fuss he makes. (*Looking out of window.*) Why, they're not heavy.

PEGGY (*looking over Miss C.'s shoulder*). Why, Cousin Laura, that's Col. Varker!

MISS C. (*in horrified tones*). Colonel Varker? Not—not the Colonel Varker?

PEGGY. The Colonel Varker.

MISS C. From Washington?

PEGGY. From Washington. Billy invited him for the fishing. He's wild about it you know.

ENTER COLONEL U. L., *breathless*.

MISS C. (*sinking into a chair*). Colonel Varker! And I sent him for my grips.

COL. (*regaining his breath*). Here y'are, ma'am, miss. Two woolly ones and one smooth. (*Puts the grips down*)

PEGGY (*laughing and shaking her finger at COL.*). Colonel, what do you mean by passing yourself off as Mike?

READY DOT and KITTY to enter U. L.

COL. Didn't. Vow I didn't. She spotted me.

PEGGY. Cousin Laura, allow me to present Colonel Varker.

MISS C. Colonel, I owe you ten thousand apologies.

COL. That—that's all right. Wasn't your fault. It was Billy's coat. (*To PEGGY*) By the way, have you made it up?

PEGGY (*laughingly*). Well, he discovered the whiskey. I knew he would.

COL. Whiskey? What whiskey?

PEGGY. On my breath.

COL. Oh-h-h-h!

ENTER DOT and KITTY U. L.

DOT. Peggy, it's the prettiest thing I ever saw. (*Embraces PEGGY*)

KITTY. Where did you *ever* find it?

DOT (*shaking hands with MISS CAULDWELL*). Cousin Laura, who'd have thought of you here.

PEGGY. Girls, you must know Colonel Varker. Colonel, this is my sister, Miss Dorothy French, and this is Miss Katherine Campbell. Cousin Laura needs no introduction.

DOT. Where's Billy?

PEGGY. You must have missed him; he's gone for the men.

KITTY. How awfully jolly that sounds. I do *love* men.

PEGGY. You ridiculous child.

COL. Think I'll go meet him. If you will excuse me.

[EXIT COL. U. L.]

MISS C. I should like a stroll. I think I'll go with—I mean I'll go to meet Billy too.

[EXIT MISS C. U. L.]

KITTY. Well, I never. (*Goes to window.*) She's nearly got him—no—yes, no. He sees her coming. Girls, he's hidden. She's lost him. Now she's taken the wrong path. Ah-h-h, he's safe.

PEGGY. Kit, what nonsense!

KITTY (*seriously, turning from window*). Now to business. Tell us, Peggy, who's to be here?

PEGGY (*turning to Dot*). Well—Gordon for one.

KITTY. Good! He is such fun. Who else?

PEGGY. Oh, Dot, I want to explain something. I had asked Stanley Seaman to meet you, but Billy had a telegram saying he sailed for Europe yesterday. And without consulting me, Billy 'phoned Theodore Thurston to take Stanley's place.

DOT (*starting slightly at the mention of THURSTON'S name, then recovering herself, and trying to speak easily as she removes her wraps*). And—he's coming?

PEGGY. I hope you understand that it was entirely unintentional.

DOT. I—understand perfectly.

PEGGY. And—and you don't mind?

DOT (*coldly*). Not in the least. Mr. Thurston's plans are a matter of absolute indifference to me. He can go to——

KITTY. Dorothy, I'm shocked.

DOT. Timbuctoo, for all I care. But, Peggy, there is something I must speak to you about. I—I thought you wouldn't mind having an extra man so—so I've asked——

KITTY. Out with it. Whom?

DOT. The Hon. Francis Fairweather Spaulding.

PEGGY. Dot, you didn't.

KITTY. That little cad? He gives me the wooleys!

PEGGY (*looking annoyed*). I wish you had told me before. There really isn't an inch of room. Why did you want him anyway?

DOT. Because—I'm engaged to him.

PEGGY. Dot, you don't mean it. You are not engaged to *that*.

DOT. I am engaged to marry Francis Spaulding.

KITTY. She's joking. I can see it in her eyes.

DOT. I'm not joking. I am in dead earnest.

KITTY. I don't believe it. No one could take that seriously. 'Twould be robbing the cradle. Peggy, may I go to my room? I want to get into something decent before these blessed boys arrive.

PEGGY. Certainly, just at the end of the corridor. Where the door stands open. Here, I'll go with you.

KITTY. No, you won't. You are going to stay here and lecture Dot, while I make myself presentable.

[EXIT KITTY U. R.]

PEGGY (*turning eagerly to Dot*). Now, Dot, tell me what it all means.

DOT. I don't know what you are talking about.

PEGGY. Yes you do. This nonsense you are trying to make me believe.

DOT. There is nothing to tell. Francis Spaulding proposed to me and I have accepted him. Is there anything so very unusual about a rich American girl marrying a title?

PEGGY. When *you* are the girl—yes. Dot, listen to me. Do you love him?

DOT (*examining her umbrella very critically*). I tell you I am going to marry him.

PEGGY (*taking the umbrella from Dot*). That isn't answering my question. Do you love him?

DOT. What has love to do with it?

PEGGY. Everything. Every single solitary thing.

DOT. Nonsense. There's something in the world besides love.

PEGGY. What?

DOT. Well, there's money for one thing—and—and social position.

PEGGY. That's Ballycattle nonsense and you know it. (*Going to Dot and putting her arm around her*) Dot, listen to me. Don't ruin your whole life. Billy has asked Theodore here—

DOT (*quickly*). Thought he'd patch up between us, eh? Well, he can't. That's all over and done for. I'm going to marry Francis, and Teddy—Helen Porter.

READY BILLY, TEDDY, FRANCIS, GORDON and COLONEL
to enter U. L.

PEGGY. Dot. He isn't.

DOT. Oh, yes he is. I knew it all along. It was never me he cared for, but Helen. It was always Helen, always. Now with Francis it's different. Francis is—is really a fine fellow—only you have to—to know him as I do to find him out.

PEGGY. I'm so sorry. I can't tell you. If you'd only waited. It would all have come out right. I know it would.

DOT. It's all right as it is, I tell you. Francis adores me—and—and I find him most amusing. Yes, that's it, he—he

amuses me. I never fight with him as Ted and I used to. We get on beautifully. We'll make an ideal couple. See if we don't.

PEGGY. I don't want to see. I want you and Teddy—
(*Looks out of window*) Here he comes now. Just see what a fine manly fellow he is.

DOT (*collecting her wraps hastily*). I—I am not ready to meet him yet. Don't tell him I'm here—

[EXIT U. R.]

PEGGY (*without turning from the window or knowing that DOT has fled*). He's the finest man I know next to Billy. Of course no one can compare with Billy. Really, Dot, he's just the dearest fellow. I don't say so because he's my husband, but it's the truth. Just let me tell you what he did yesterday. (*Turns, finds herself alone*) Why—why—where?

[EXIT U. R.]

ENTER BILLY, TEDDY, FRANCIS, GORDON and the COLONEL
U. L.

BILLY. Here we are bag and baggage. (*Looks around*) Why, where are the girls?

COL. There he goes as bad as ever. Always girls, girls, girls.

TEDDY. I tell you, Billy, you made no mistake this time. (*Looks around approvingly.*) It's all right.

BILLY. Think so? Looked pretty good to me when I first saw it.

GORDON. Who put you wise?

BILLY. The little clothes-pin of a post-mistress at the Point.

READY PEGGY, DOT and KITTY to enter U. R.

COL. (*laughing*). Clothes-pin. By Jove, that's good! She reminds me of the young woman from Rye.

FRANCIS. From Wye? You don't mean Why?

COL. Yes. Don't you know her?

"There was a young woman from Rye
With a form like a capital 'I.'

She said: 'It's too bad,

But then I can pad.'

Which shows you how figures can lie."

(*All laugh*)

GORDON. Oh, I say, that's great. The best ever.

BILLY. Colonel, you of all people to be good at figures.

TEDDY. Where did you crib it?

COL. (*bowing to right and left, his hand on his heart*). Modesty forbids my proclaiming myself the distinguished author.

BILLY. You'll be the *extinguished* author if you do any more like that.

COL. Then I shall be decidedly put out.

FRANCIS (*beginning to laugh*). Ha—ha—ha—he—he—he—Oh, that's funny. That's deuced funny. Why—that's a joke. It is weally. It just dawned upon me. Figures can lie. He—he. (*To BILLY*.) I say, do you see the point?

BILLY. I think I do.

FRANCIS (*taking small note-book from his pocket*). I must jot that down. Excuse me while I jot that down. I always jot ewewything humorous I come acwoss in my travels, and *that* you know is elevah—deuced elevah.

COL. (*aside to TEDDY*). I say, where did Billy pick it up?

TEDDY. Search me. Found it at the landing all tagged and labeled so had to fetch it along.

ENTER PEGGY, DOT and KITTY U. R.

BILLY. Well, it's about time. We were going to advertise for you.

PEGGY (*shaking hands all around*). Mr. Thurston, so glad to see you. You know my sister and I believe you have met Miss Campbell.

DOT. Peggy, you know the Hon. Francis Spaulding.

PEGGY. Yes, indeed, it is ever so good of you to be willing to spend a couple of weeks in these wilds.

FRANCIS. It's—aw—jolly good of you to let me. It is weally.

TEDDY (*to DOT*). Dot—Miss French—I—didn't know—I thought you were at Mahopac.

DOT. So that's why you accepted Billy's invitation?

TEDDY. Yes.

DOT. You are frank as usual. I flattered myself—

TEDDY (*interrupting her roughly*). No you didn't. You knew well enough I wouldn't have come had I known you were here.

DOT. How very complimentary.

TEDDY (*taking a time-table from his pocket*). I wonder what train I can catch in the morning.

DOT. I hope you are not leaving on my account.

TEDDY. No, on my own.

DOT. Because I don't mind your being here in the least.

TEDDY (*starting toward her*). Dot!

DOT (*turning from TEDDY*). It doesn't make a particle of difference to me whether you stay or not.

TEDDY (*angrily flopping over the pages of time-table*). Six-fifty, seven-three, seven-thirty-five, eight-two——

KITTY. What were you all laughing at when we came in?

FRANCIS. Aw—it was a limerick, you know, deuced clevah too. It—aw—doesn't stwike you at first, but when you see the point—aw—it's scweamingly funny.

DOT. Tell us. We want to laugh too.

FRANCIS (*turning to COL.*). Oh, aw, Colonel, by Jove, he's vewy much engaged. But I—aw—think I can wemember it. Not exactly perhaps—but—aw—almost.

PEGGY. Listen—girls—listen.

FRANCIS. There—aw—was a young woman fwom aw—"Kew"——

TEDDY. With a form like an inverted "U."

BILLY. It is no disgrace

She said: "I can lace."

GORDON. And—er—she divided her figure in two.

(*All laugh*)

FRANCIS (*perplexed*). Aw—but—by Jove, it didn't exactly go that aw—way. Weally it didn't. There was something in it about unweliable figures. A—aw sort of a pun. Bah Jove, how wotten. I can't wemember it.

BILLY. Thought you had jotted it down.

FRANCIS. I—aw——twied to, but I—aw—couldn't get the dwift of it.

KITTY (*who has been talking to the COL.*). I don't know, Colonel, I'll ask her. Peggy, the Colonel wants to know what you are going to call it?

PEGGY. What? The boat?

KITTY. No. The bungalow.

PEGGY. Billy's bungalow? Why, I don't know. I hadn't thought of a name. It's too tiny.

COL. (*clapping his hands*). There you are. Just the thing. BILLY'S BUNGALOW.

GORDON. Hurrah! We'll christen her. Peggy, will you perform the ceremony?

PEGGY (*laughing*). Gladly, if you'll show me how. I've stood sponsor for a boat, but never for a house.

BILLY (*who has been exploring the cellarette, holding aloft a bottle of beer*). Here's the champagne.

GORDON (*taking the bottle from him*). That's the idea. You must break the bottle at the door-sill, Peggy.

PEGGY. And spoil my new rug, no thank you.

COL. By Jove that would be a shame. Have your glasses ready, boys. Don't spill a drop. Now, Mrs. Middleton. (*All crowd around PEGGY*)

PEGGY (*striking bottle against door-jamb*). Here's to Billy's Bungalow!

ALL (*holding glasses for PEGGY to fill, then raising them aloft*). Billy's Bungalow!

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Same as ACT I. The next morning. Small table DOWN L. for chafing-dish; percolator or coffee-urn on cellarette. Bread-box containing six loaves of bread in china-closet. DISCOVERED entire house-party with the exception of TEDDY, and in little groups of two's and three's all talking excitedly. MISS CAULDWELL, PEGGY and COL. down R., KITTY, FRANCIS SPAULDING and GORDON DOWN L. DOT and BILLY, C.*

PEGGY. I tell you they've gone. I came down early to see if Bridget needed any help and found the whole place deserted. Table not set—kitchen fire not lighted—dining-room not aired—piazzas not swept—nothing done—nothing at all—absolutely nothing and only this note—(*Holds out scrap of paper*) to explain. This perfectly ridiculous scrawl saying that they were leaving.

GORDON (*taking paper from PEGGY*). Gee, Peg, but we're up against it for fair. And what easy marks we were. Like taking candy from the baby. We should have locked up the boat. Might have known they'd pinch it if they got in a hole.

BILLY. That's the way you're served nowadays. You think you're fixed and the first thing you know you're in the soup. I'm not surprised at Bridget, but I did think better of Mike. The next man I get I shall chain hand and foot and if he attempts to break loose I'll shoot him.

DOT. Perhaps they're taking a swim or—or gone for a row. I can't believe they'd clear out—leave you like this, Peggy. Have you looked everywhere? There's the cow-shed and the landing. We'll form a searching party.

FRANCIS. Aw—are you sure that they've taken nothing with them? The last place I visited the—aw—butler took Fwench leave with a jolly lot of silver. He—aw—did weally.

PEGGY (*to BILLY*). I can't imagine what under the sun got into them. To deliberately walk out of the house and never say "Beans." I don't believe she was ill. She was all right last night—not an ache or a pain. I'd have sent for a doctor if she'd only given me a chance—but no, off they go—both of them if you please—*both*. It would have been bad enough if we were alone, but to leave me in the lurch with a house full of company. It's enough to try the patience of a saint.

BILLY. And the worst of it is they've taken our boat—our only boat. That's what makes *me* mad. The cheek of them. If they'd waited till next week the sloop would have been here and they could have gone to Halifax for all I'd care. But to coolly walk off with the only blooming thing we've got that floats, and leave us stranded—absolutely stranded. Oh! it's enough to make a horse swear. Why, those excursion boats only run once a week. Pass here on Saturdays, and this is Tuesday. (*Counts on fingers*) Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday. Four whole days to wait. To stay here kicking our heels while they—Oh! it's maddening.

FRANCIS (*to DOT*). And so deuced awkward. A fellah can't stay housed up on top of a spool forever. Why don't they telephone for a cwaft of some sort. I—aw—am not squeamish as to the aw—style, just so she'll float. I've simply got to get to the Point this morning. My aw—man is to meet me there. So beastly awkward that we missed connections last night. A fellah can't wear the same clothes a week. Weally. So I shall have to get to the Point some way, anyway at all so long as I get there. You see how it is. You all see how it is. I don't want to be nasty about it, but you see what a fix I'm in.

READY TEDDY, *to enter* U. R.

COL. Pooh, pooh, nonsense. It's all nonsense. What a fuss about a trifle. They'll be back. Of course they'll be back. Realize we're stranded and send some one to our rescue. No use worrying about it. I'm not worrying. Look at me. Something or other will come past, and we'll hail it and there you are. Simplest thing in the world. Run up a signal. Flag of distress. Sky-rockets. Pistols. C. Q. D. What's his name on the Republic did it in mid-ocean. And *they* were sinking. We're all right. Have a jolly time.

Plenty of fishing. That's enough for anyone. What more can you ask for?

MISS C. (*severely*). I don't see, Peggy, how you ever came to let them get away. Why didn't you stop them? You could at least have told them not to take the boat. How are we ever going to get the mail? And the papers. I simply can't live without the papers. I always look the first thing every morning to see who's dead. It's such a satisfaction to know and now how can I ever find out? And the weather. I always consult the papers before making my plans. Suppose I should wear my best silk and then get drenched.

KITTY (*laughing*). It's the funniest thing I ever heard of. Such a lark! Prisoners. Babes in the woods. Swiss Family Robinson. Oh, I'm so glad I came. I hope no one will rescue us for weeks and weeks. Such a lark. I shall be Robinson Crusoe and you— (*to GORDON*) my man Friday. And we shall wear goat-skins and live on clams and mussels. I never ate mussels but I adore clams—that is, clam chowder. And there's lobsters. Lobster a la Newberg. Ah, won't it be fun? Won't it be fun? (*Clapping her hands delightedly and taking a few dancing steps*)

DOT. Do hear that ridiculous child, I do believe she's enjoying the whole thing. What nonsense, Francis. Of course you can get to the Point. Don't worry, Peggy. (*Putting her arm about PEGGY's waist*) We don't mind a bit any of us. The Colonel's right. Some one will be sailing past and we can hail them. Of course, it wasn't your fault. How could you possibly dream that Bridget would cut up such a dido? I don't believe there was anything the matter with her. She simply got frightened when she saw so much company. Something might have been the matter with her and it's just as well she should go where she could get at a doctor. You're well rid of her I say.

ENTER TEDDY U. R. *carrying grip, his overcoat thrown over his arm. He stops in doorway a minute looking from one group of excited faces to another.*

TEDDY. What in the name of mischief is the matter? Is it a talking match or a jig-saw puzzle?

PEGGY (*going to TEDDY's right*). It's neither, Teddy, but they've gone. Both of them.

TEDDY. Both of whom? Where did they go?

BILLY (*going to TEDDY's left*). And they've taken our boat. Just wait 'till I see them. If I don't— (*Doubles up fist*)

KITTY. And we're prisoners. We can't get away or telephone or wire and we shall have to wait till we're rescued and won't it be fun?

COL. Let me explain. It's a very simple matter. Everyone is so excited, all talking at once. No wonder you can't make head or tail of it.

MISS C. And the Ladies' Home Journal is due to-day and now I shan't find out the best way to make over my old grenadine. It's a perfect shame.

TEDDY. If you'd only talk one at a time I think I could understand, who has gone?

BILLY. Mike.

PEGGY. Bridget.

TEDDY. That's better, but I don't quite grasp it yet. Billy says "Mike," and Peggy, "Bridget." Who is right?

BILLY and PEGGY (*together*). Both.

TEDDY. I see. And who are Mike and Bridget?

PEGGY. Bridget is the cook.

BILLY. And Mike is our expressman, chauffeur, valet, bell-boy and butler.

TEDDY. And they're gone. Well, that is too bad, but don't you fret. Peggy, Billy and I shall row to the Point after breakfast and bring you two good servants dead or alive. See if we don't.

BILLY and PEGGY (*together*). But you can't. That's just it, you can't.

TEDDY. Can't I though? Did you ever see me row?

PEGGY (*impatiently*). But you can't row without a boat.

BILLY. Don't you see they've taken our boat. Our boat.

TEDDY. You don't mean? (*Looks from one to the other in dismay*) Well, by George! Did you ever!

BILLY (*striding up and down with his hands in his pockets*). That's just it. Now you've got it. That's what the row is about.

KITTY. Isn't it fun? We're prisoners.

TEDDY. When did they go?

BILLY. Last night. Left a crazy note with a cock-and-bull story about Bridget's being ill and having to see a doctor.

TEDDY (*looking at his watch*). By George, and I wanted to take the 8:15.

BILLY. The 8:15? Surely you are not thinking of leaving us?

TEDDY. Sorry, old man, but business——

BILLY. Business be hanged. This is your vacation. You told me yourself. Said you were going to take two weeks.

TEDDY (*looking at DOT*). Thought I could, but heard something last night that makes it necessary for me to return to town this morning.

BILLY (*putting his hand on TEDDY's shoulder*). But you see you can't. Impossible.

TEDDY (*catching up grip*). I must. Have no choice in the matter.

BILLY (*raising his voice impatiently*). But we have no boat.

TEDDY. That's so. By George! How far is it to the Point?

BILLY. Two miles. Thinking of swimming it?

TEDDY. Yes, but had no idea it was so far.

COL. (*joining BILLY and TEDDY and speaking cheerfully*). Well we're all in the same boat.

GORDON. All out of it you mean.

BILLY. It just drives me wild. To think of them leaving us in this fix.

GORDON (*patting BILLY's shoulder*). There, there, there, cheer up and smile a bit. Why, the icing's not off your cake. Not by a long shot. If you think you can down this bunch you've got another guess coming. Why, little Willie's a whole show by himself and now he's going to get breakfast.

BILLY. Think you are, you mean. There's not a smell of breakfast within miles.

PEGGY. Isn't it terrible? They hadn't even the decency to leave something ready for us.

GORDON. Then it's up to us to feed our own faces.

TEDDY. Wait a minute. We'll have some system about this. How many of you girls can cook? (*A pause*)

PEGGY (*turning to MISS C.*). Cousin Laura——

MISS C. (*raising her hand protestingly*). Peggy, I couldn't. If there is one thing I can't do it is cook. I don't even know how to broil tea.

BILLY. Peg, you took a course at cooking school last year.

PEGGY. No, Billy, that was a class in first aid to the injured.

GORDON (*brusquely*). Good. We'll need that before we get through this meal. Your job is cut and dried.

TEDDY. I, I believe I can scramble eggs. Knew a chap at college who could do it to a "T" and I've watched him many a time.

GORDON. Now that's something like. That's the way to talk. Got an apron, Mrs. Middleton? (PEGGY gives GORDON apron which he ties around TEDDY's neck.)

COL. I'll make the coffee.

BILLY. I can manage a rarebit. [EXIT BILLY U. R.]

GORDON. Wait a minute. You're mixing your drinks. We'll save the rarebit for supper. Oh! I say, have you got such a thing as a chafing dish? (PEGGY *gets dish*) I thought so. Eggs and coffee. Sounds pretty good to me.

PEGGY (*going off stage and returning with dish of eggs*). Here are the eggs. Will a dozen be enough?

TEDDY. Plenty. They spread out you know when they're cooked.

ENTER BILLY *with package and sauce-pan.*

BILLY. Isn't this lucky. A whole package of hominy I just love hominy.

PEGGY. That isn't hominy. That's rice.

BILLY. So much the better. Everybody have rice? Good. Guess you can each have a cupful and one for the pot. (*Puts rice into pot—rubs his hands together in satisfaction.*) Rice, eggs and coffee.

KITTY (*to TEDDY who is breaking eggs into frying-pan*). Shouldn't you grease the pan?

TEDDY. No, indeed. What's the use? The butter would only melt and mix with the eggs. Besides my friend never did. I'm sure he didn't.

COL. I tell you a cup of hot coffee with good rich cream will put us all on our feet.

PEGGY (*stopping in the act of setting the table with Dor's assistance*). I don't know where we'll get the cream. There's no one to milk the cow.

FRANCIS. Aw—bah Jove! I believe I can do that.

BILLY (*looking FRANCIS over from head to foot*). Did you ever try?

FRANCIS. No, but when I was a little lad—aw—used to watch the maids do it. Vewy simple, you know. Weally it is. A mechanical wist motion.

GORDON. And your game? Say, Peggy, give him a try.

PEGGY. Gordon, he mustn't. He'd get kicked sure as fate.

GORDON (*aside to PEGGY*). So much the better. Knock some of the conceit out of him.

PEGGY. He shan't do it.

BILLY. Nonsense. He wouldn't offer unless he knew what he was about. [EXIT U. L.]

KITTY (*to FRANCIS*). Are you really going to do it? What a lark. Let me watch. I'll be as good as gold. Wait, we

must have a three-legged stool. This will do. Now we're ready. [EXIT KITTY and FRANCIS U. L.]

PEGGY. Cousin Laura, will you help me set the table?

MISS C. I wish I could, Peggy, but I'm absolutely no good at that sort of thing. I always get the wrong things at the wrong places. But if there's anything else I could do.

PEGGY. Indeed there is. Will you just wash up these dishes so I can get them out of the way?

MISS C. Wash dishes? I—I wash dishes! Why, Peggy, I think you forget my hands. Hot water is the worst thing in the world for them. (To COLONEL) The present day girls are so very inconsiderate. Is there anything I can do to help you, Colonel?

COL. No—yes you can too. If you will be so kind? Will you just watch this coffee to see that it doesn't boil over? Thanks awfully.

MISS C. Not at all. I just love to be of service. That's what I told Peggy when I came. I knew she'd need my help.

COL. I say, Thurston, you're burning those eggs.

TEDDY. Not a bit of it. They always smell like that when they're cooking.

MISS C. I don't see why cooks make such a fuss about getting a meal. I think it's very easy.

COL. So glad you like it. You won't mind if I smoke a cigar?

READY BILLY to enter U. L.

MISS C. No indeed! I adore tobacco.

COL. (going toward U. E.). Thanks. The coffee will be ready in about twenty minutes. Don't let it boil too hard.

[EXIT COLONEL, U. L.]

MISS C. (starting up in dismay). But, Colonel, you're not going to leave me to watch it alone. Why, the idea! He's gone. Suppose it should boil over. I haven't the faintest notion what to do. Peggy, will you give an eye to the coffee. I think I'll take a little nap before breakfast. I have such a headache. I think it's the smoke. Just call me when everything's ready. [EXIT MISS C., U. R.]

TEDDY. Well, if that don't beat the Dutch.

PEGGY. There's something burning, Teddy.

TEDDY. Well, it's not the eggs. It's the Colonel's coffee.

PEGGY. What nonsense. Coffee doesn't burn. (Takes a fork and tries to stir eggs)

TEDDY (drawing the pan away). Don't stir them. They mustn't be stirred. You just keep shaking the pan.

ENTER BILLY, U. L.

BILLY (*carrying an armful of wood*). By George, Ted, if you burn those eggs—

TEDDY. See here, who's scrambling these eggs? If I burn them I'll eat them.

BILLY. Then for the love of Mike, don't burn them for I'm hungry as a hunter.

BILLY. What on earth are you going to do with that wood?

BILLY (*taking off his coat and removing his cuffs*). Make a little fire in the stove. We can't get dinner on a chafing-dish.

PEGGY (*washing dishes while DOT dries them*). Dinner? Who's thinking about dinner?

BILLY. I am. I am thinking about beefsteak—rare, and mashed potatoes, and corn on the cob and—

GORDON. Forget it, Bub, forget it.

PEGGY. If you want any dinner you men will have to fish it out of the sea.

BILLY (*getting up briskly, putting on his coat*). That's the idea. Good for you, Peg. We'll start right after breakfast. Come here, Gordon, and see my outfit.

[EXIT BILLY and GORDON, U. R.]

PEGGY (*putting glasses on a tray*). Dot, give Teddy a platter for the omelette.

[EXIT PEGGY, U. R.]

(DOT goes to dresser, takes down platter, puts it on table beside TEDDY who has been steadily shaking the pan with the eggs. As DOT turns away TEDDY puts pan on chafing-dish and steps between DOT and door toward which she has turned.)

TEDDY (*earnestly*). Miss French—Dot, I—I'm awfully sorry, but you see how it is. I should have gone if it were possible. You—you believe that, don't you?

DOT. Yes. (*He takes a step nearer to her*) I believe you wish to get as far as possible from any place where I might happen to be.

TEDDY (*eagerly*). For your sake only. But now—now that I can't go, that I am obliged to stay—tell me, you—you are not sorry.

DOT (*turning from him*). No, I am not sorry.

TEDDY (*catching her hand*). Dot, does that mean that you are glad—just a tiny little bit glad? Dot, don't turn away. Listen to me. You will give me another chance. I was a

jealous fool, but you don't know—you will never know how I have suffered. Let me start all over again.

DOT (*withdrawing her hand*). Don't. You—you mustn't. It's too late.

READY PEGGY *to enter* U. R.

TEDDY. It isn't. It can't be.

DOT. It is. I—I am not free.

TEDDY. Not free. Why—why, you don't mean—you're not married?

DOT. No, but I'm engaged.

TEDDY. Engaged? To whom?

READY GORDON *to enter* U. R.

DOT (*throwing back her head*). To the Hon. Francis Spaulding.

TEDDY. Oh, but that's nonsense. You needn't think I'm going to let a little thing like that stand in my way.

ENTER PEGGY U. R.

PEGGY (*quickly taking pan that is smoking on the chafing-dish and turning to TEDDY reproachfully*). Teddy!

TEDDY (*taking pan from PEGGY and hastily turning the contents of the pan out upon the platter held by DOT*). They're not burnt, Peggy. Not even scorched.

PEGGY (*taking a fork and touching the eggs in the pan*). Then what makes them stick to the pan?

TEDDY (*giving the pan a little shake*). Oh, that doesn't mean anything. They always do that. It is their nature to.

PEGGY (*scraping pan*). You must let me scrape some of it out or there won't be enough for breakfast. (*Turning away*) And they are burned or they wouldn't look so queer.

[EXIT PEGGY U. R. *with eggs*.

TEDDY (*turning eagerly to DOT*). Dot, listen to me. I'll never give you up to him, never.

ENTER GORDON U. R. *brandishing large bread-knife*.

READY KITTY *to enter* U. L.

TEDDY (*impatiently*). Confound it.

GORDON. Where's the man who cooked those eggs?

TEDDY. Father, I cannot tell a lie. (*Holding up chafing-dish*) I did it with this little hatchet.

ENTER KITTY U. L.

KITTY (*excitedly*). Oh, somebody come—come quick. He's dead. I'm sure he's dead.

READY FRANCIS *to enter* U. L.

TEDDY. The Colonel? By George!

[EXIT TEDDY and DOT U. R.

KITTY (*calling after him*). No, no, Lord Spaulding.

GORDON (*taking loaf of bread from box and beginning to cut it calmly*). Piffles! He'll get over it.

KITTY (*furiously*). You horrid, cold-blooded thing. You'd be perfectly furious if anyone took your death that way.

GORDON. My dear child, when I die—(*Looks up and sees FRANCIS standing in the doorway U. L. covered with dust and face smeared with blood. His necktie is under his ear, his collar is unfastened and his coat torn*) Great Jumping-Jehosaphat. Look, who's here.

FRANCIS (*clutching at door to steady himself, then staggering to a chair and dropping into it*). Don't—don't be alarmed. It's—it's all right. (*Pauses*) She—she has a most peculiar temper. I—I—was vewy gentle with her. I was weally. But she—she wouldn't give any cweam. (*Sinks back exhausted*)

KITTY. Gordon, get him some coffee. He's fainted.

GORDON (*scornfully*). Well, I'm not surprised.

FRANCIS (*sitting upright*). No—no, I haven't. And I'm not weady for my coffee yet. (*Tries to rise*) I'm going to twy again. I—I've thought of a new way to coax her.

KITTY (*taking him a glass of water*). Indeed you shall do nothing of the sort. If you won't get him some coffee, Gordon, I'll get it myself.

FRANCIS (*steading himself by chair-back*) No—no—you needn't. I'll go into my room for a few minutes if you think I shan't alarm them. I don't want to fwighten them, you know.

KITTY. Gordon, give him your arm. He isn't able to walk.

GORDON (*stiffly*). Take my arm.

FRANCIS. Thanks awfully, but—I shouldn't know what to do with it. I—I can manage. Weally I can.

[EXIT FRANCIS U. R.

GORDON (*savagely cutting bread*). Of all Tom-fool doings.

KITTY. You just make me boiling mad when you act like that. You may be as contemptuous as you please, but he's done a mighty brave thing and you know it.

GORDON. Fiddle-sticks. The bigger fool a man is the more fuss you girls make over him.

KITTY. He's not a fool. He's a good deal braver than you are, Gordon Middleton,

GORDON (*beginning to cut another loaf of bread*). Yes, I noticed his bravery last night. He's not afraid—of cows.

KITTY. You'd snub any one who didn't have United States written all over his face.

GORDON. Gee! You're right there; United States stands for something. And a something that gets me every time.

KITTY. That's no excuse for throwing stones at the rest of the world.

GORDON. See here, Kit, what's the use of your standing up for this chump. He's a dope and you know it.

KITTY. He's nothing of sort. He's not all on the surface like some people, I admit. *He* has depth.

GORDON. He's so deep that it's a wonder he hasn't been drowned in himself ages ago.

KITTY. If he's as contemptible as you think why has Dot accepted him?

GORDON (*in dismay*). She's done what?

KITTY (*nibbling at a slice of bread*). Accepted him. Didn't you know they were engaged?

GORDON. Kit, you don't mean that Dot—Oh, (*cutting bread again*) you're kidding. Why Dot and Thurston—

KITTY. Wake up, little boy. That's ancient history.

GORDON (*anxiously*). You don't mean it. See here, Kit, this won't do. It's up to us to attend to this.

KITTY. Not a bit of it. Dot says she never quarrels with Lord Spaulding as she did with Teddy. She says they get on beautifully.

GORDON. Well, he may be a little sugar-coated angel with a gold paper crown, but I'm not going to call *that* brother-in-law. He's not for Dot. She's going to marry Ted and I'm going to see that she does.

KITTY (*perching upon the table*). How are you going to manage it?

GORDON. Will you help?

KITTY. Sure.

GORDON. Is that straight? I was beginning to think you were in love with that jay yourself.

KITTY. And if I were?

READY PEGGY *to enter* U. R.

GORDON. Don't talk nonsense. Own up you think him a pill?

KITTY (*slowly*). Well, I don't think he's the man for Dot.

GORDON. Of course he isn't. We'll nip that in the bud.

KITTY (*taking another slice of bread*). How? What are your plans?

GORDON. Search me. But I'll fix it somehow.

KITTY (*clasping her hands*). I know. I know. I'll flirt with Lord Spaulding—no nonsense you know, but a genuine flirtation.

GORDON (*savagely*). You will, will you?

KITTY (*eagerly*). Yes, and when Dot sees how fickle he is, she'll throw him over. See?

GORDON. I can't say I do. Where do I come in in this deal? Oh, yes, now I grasp it; I'm to flirt with Dot, then Ted will get furiously jealous and they'll find out how much they love each other. (*Looks up and sees PEGGY staring at him from door U. R.*) Why—why—what's the matter?

PEGGY (*severely*). When you two have finished cutting up every scrap of bread we have in the house we'd like to have some for breakfast.

GORDON (*piling up bread in dismay*). It was your fault, Peg. You told me to cut the bread. You didn't say one loaf—or two loaves or how many loaves. You just said cut the bread and, by George, I cut it.

PEGGY (*putting some of the bread back into the box and the rest upon two plates*). Do you realize that when this bread is gone you may never see another loaf again.

GORDON (*helping PEGGY with the bread*). Bosh! There's plenty of flour in the house, isn't there?

PEGGY. I suppose so.

GORDON. Well, there you are. What more do you want?

PEGGY. There's plenty of gasoline in the house, too, but that doesn't make an automobile.

KITTY (*going to percolator*). Is that stuff coffee?

GORDON (*turning out light under coffee*). Supposed to be.

"Coffee, coffee, coffee,

The vilest you ever have seen."

READY FRANCIS *to enter U. R.*

PEGGY. Never mind, it can't be worse than the eggs.

GORDON (*looking at percolator in a puzzled manner*). Do I bring the whole incubator?

PEGGY (*stopping at doorway to call over her shoulder*). Percolator, if you please. No, better fill the cups out here. They're in the pantry, Kitty.

[EXIT PEGGY U. R.]

KITTY (*taking cups and saucers to GORDON and holding them while he fills them*). It smells good. I don't believe it's as bad as it looks.

GORDON. Hope not, for if that's tay give me coffee, and if it's coffee, give me tay.

ENTER FRANCIS U. R.

FRANCIS. Coffee ready?

KITTY (*going to meet him*). Oh, I'm so glad you feel better. I can't tell you how frightened I was when I saw you fall.

FRANCIS. That's awfully good of you, weally. A chap looks so beastly idiotic when he takes a header, you know.

KITTY. You didn't a bit. You fell most gracefully. (*Sitting down, clasping her hands and looking at him admiringly*) Do you know I think you're tremendously brave.FRANCIS (*leaning against table and beaming down at KITTY*). Aw—I say, you're wagging me.KITTY (*seriously*). Indeed I'm not. Why, not a single man here dared face that cow and you never hesitated a minute.GORDON (*savagely filling cups and scowling at FRANCIS*). Fools rush in where——FRANCIS (*turning to GORDON*). Beg pardon. Did you speak to me?GORDON (*grimly*). Oh, no, I was jeering at the coffee.FRANCIS (*turning to KITTY*). Aw—I say you are a jolly clevah girl.KITTY (*shaking her head at him*). Oh, you flatter me.FRANCIS. No, I don't, weally. You—you're not a bit like other girls. Why, *you* understand a fellah.

KITTY. But I don't everyone. Only people I like.

GORDON (*spilling some coffee, jumping about and clasping his hand as if it were burned*). Carnation. Oh, oh!KITTY (*rushing to him*). Gordon, what's the matter? Did you burn yourself?FRANCIS (*going to door*). Aw—I'll fetch some Pond's Extwact. It's in my gwip. [EXIT FRANCIS U. R.]KITTY (*trying to see GORDON's hand*). You poor boy. Does it hurt so very much?GORDON (*dropping his injured air and turning angrily to KITTY*). No, it doesn't hurt at all, but if you think I'm going to stand aside and hear you make a fool of yourself over that blooming idiot of a nincum-poop, you're greatly mistaken.

READY DOT and TEDDY to enter U. R.

KITTY. Gordon! Why did you frighten me so? I thought you were badly hurt.

GORDON. Disappointed because I'm not, eh?

KITTY. Gordon, don't get so excited,

GORDON. Excited? Who's excited? I—I'm as cool as a cucumber. Never felt smother in my life.

KITTY. But you forget. We *agreed* to do this. I'm to flirt with him and you with Dot.

GORDON (*looking around excitedly*). Where is Dot?

ENTER DOT and TEDDY U. R.

GORDON. Oh, here you are. I thought you were never coming.

DOT. We couldn't find the Colonel, Kitty; we looked everywhere.

GORDON. Never mind the Colonel, listen to me. I've been waiting and waiting for you.

DOT (*in surprise*). For me? You don't mean me?

GORDON (*taking her hand*). Yes, I do, too. You're just the one I *do* mean. Do you think I can be happy when you're not here?

DOT (*trying to withdraw her hand*). Gordon, you goose.

GORDON (*catching and holding both her hands*). I don't care what you call me as long as you let me stay near you. Do you know there is not a girl like you in the whole wide world. Not one.

READY PEGGY to enter U. R.

DOT. You ridiculous boy.

TEDDY (*scowling*). See here, Gordon, have you lost your head?

GORDON. No, my heart. Isn't she pretty, Ted? Isn't she the sweetest girl?

ENTER FRANCIS U. R.

FRANCIS (*to GORDON*). I—aw—couldn't find the witch-hazel, but here's some cold cweam.

ENTER PEGGY U. R.

PEGGY. Where in the world are you all? Come and see what I've found for breakfast.

TEDDY. Good. I'm half-starved.

DOT. I'm simply famished.

[EXIT TED, DOT, PEGGY and FRANCIS U. R.]

GORDON (*slapping his knee and laughing*). Gee, did you see Teddy glare? I've got him going all right—all right. He'll be simply wild by evening.

KITTY (*coldly*). Seems to me there's such a thing as over-doing it.

GORDON (*heartily*). There's no danger of that. That's where I have the advantage. Dot's such a dandy girl that I can be as enthusiastic as I please. I'm beginning to think your scheme a pretty clever one and it's certainly working finely. Let me congratulate you. (*Holds out his hand to KITTY*)

READY BILLY *to enter* U. R.

KITTY (*turning to GORDON, her eyes snapping and her hands clenched*). You—you are the meanest man I know and I—I hate you. Oh, you needn't pretend to be surprised (*as GORDON starts toward her*) because I see through you. You—you've been in love with her all along and—and now you've got this excuse for telling her so.

GORDON (*in dismay*). Kitty, listen to me.

KITTY (*covering her ears with her hands*). I won't listen. Go to Dot. She'll listen. She—she's pretty and she's sweet and she's dandy and—and—everything.

GORDON (*trying to take down her hands*). Kitty—

KITTY (*jerking away from him and wiping her eyes with her handkerchief*). Don't touch me. Let me alone.

ENTER BILLY *hastily* U. R.

BILLY (*stopping in surprise at seeing KITTY in tears, and looking from her to GORDON*). Why—why, Kitty. Not crying? Gordon—

GORDON (*savagely*). That's right. Pitch into me. Everybody pitch into me. I'll be hanged if I know what she wants. Try to please a girl and you get it in the neck.

[EXIT GORDON U. R.]

BILLY (*taking a cup of coffee to KITTY and putting his hand on her shoulder as she sits with her head buried in her arm*). There, there, Kitty—girl, drink this and you'll feel better. You are hungry and—(*taking her hand*) child, your hands are like ice. (*Rubs her hand gently*).

KITTY (*drying her eyes*). He—he—was so mean.

BILLY. He's a brute and I'll tell him so in pretty plain terms. (*KITTY drinks coffee, BILLY gets her another cup*) There, that's better. One more cup and you'll feel daisy. (*Taking her hand again*) Why, you're warmer already.

KITTY (*smiling*). Yes, I—I'm all right now. That was good. Thanks awfully. And—er—Billy—you—you won't say anything about my being such a goose? I wouldn't have Peggy know I've been crying for the world.

BILLY. I won't breathe a word of it to a soul. Wild horses couldn't drag it from me.

ENTER PEGGY U. R.

[EXIT KITTY *hastily* U. R.]

PEGGY (*looking after KITTY in surprise*). Billy! Where are you? Oh, here. (*Looks from KITTY's retreating figure to BILLY*) Why, what's the matter?

BILLY (*nervously*). Oh,—er—nothing. Nothing at all. (*Looks about*) I—er—came out here for—for—oh, yes, for some ice-water.

PEGGY. Where is it?

BILLY (*absently*). What?

PEGGY. The ice-water.

BILLY. Oh, yes, I forgot it. (*Starts toward refrigerator*) I'll get it now.

PEGGY (*taking pitcher from dresser*). You needn't. I'll get it myself.

BILLY. Nonsense. It won't take a minute.

PEGGY. It has taken you ten minutes exactly.

BILLY. But I wasn't getting it before.

PEGGY. Then what were you doing?

BILLY. Oh, er—nothing especially. You see Kitty—

PEGGY (*interrupting him*). Yes, I saw Kitty.

BILLY. Well, you see, Kitty—er—that is—well that's all and now I'll get the water.

PEGGY (*furiously*). You shall do nothing of the sort. When I was choking—gasping—dying—and begged you to hurry, you come out here and stay, and stay, and stay.

BILLY (*coming forward*). But, Peggy, you don't understand.

PEGGY. No, I don't understand. Your wife dying and you calmly sitting out here holding Kitty's hand.

BILLY (*taking a step forward*). Peggy, I wasn't. I'll stand a good deal, but I won't stand that.

PEGGY. You were, I saw you.

BILLY. You couldn't possibly. That was before you came in.

PEGGY (*pointing her finger at him*). Then you admit it. I wasn't quite sure when I accused you, but you admit it.

BILLY. Confound it. The child was cold. Half-frozen. You're so everlastingly unreasonable.

PEGGY. Oh, I'm unreasonable, am I, to object to your sitting out here flirting with Kitty while I—(*pointing to herself*) I—your own wife, is gasping—choking to death? Oh, yes, I'm unreasonable. What were you promising her when I came in?

BILLY (*running his hand through his hair in annoyed fashion*). I—can't tell you.

PEGGY (*taking a step toward him in amazement*). You what?

BILLY. I—can't tell you.

PEGGY. Will not, you mean.

BILLY. Well then, will not. See here, Peg, you're making a mountain out of a mole-hill, and working yourself into a temper all for nothing.

PEGGY. I—I in a temper? I?

BILLY. If you'll let me have that pitcher, I'll get the water.

PEGGY. I tell you I'll get the water myself. I don't want you to wait on me. You can wait on Kitty.

BILLY (*impatiently*). Peggy, give me that pitcher and don't be so ridiculous. Kitty's nothing but a child, and you know it.

READY MISS CAULDWELL *to enter* U. R.

PEGGY. So! I'm unreasonable and—and ridiculous and—and ill-tempered, eh, well, if that's your opinion of me I'll live up to it. I can flirt, too. You're not the only one who can play that game.

BILLY. Peggy, give me that pitcher.

PEGGY (*throwing the pitcher down so that it will crash at his feet*). There's your old pitcher. Take it and fill it for Kitty.

[EXIT PEGGY U. R.]

BILLY (*in utter amazement*). By George! (*Starts after PEGGY*) Peggy—

ENTER MISS CAULDWELL U. R.

MISS C. Why—why, what's the matter?

BILLY (*picking up pieces of china*). Oh,—er—nothing—nothing. I broke a pitcher. That's all.

MISS C. Did you drop it?

BILLY. Not—not exactly.

MISS C. I see, slipped out of your hands. (*Picks up pieces*) Dear me, such a pretty one, too. Better get a dust-pan and brush up the pieces. Peggy will be so sorry.

BILLY (*getting dust-pan and holding it while Miss C. sweeps china into it*). Oh, I don't believe she'll mind.

MISS C. That's a man for you. Now a housekeeper always treasures her china. Peggy fired this herself, too.

BILLY (*looking up from dust-pan in surprise*). How do you know?

READY COLONEL *to enter* U. L.

MISS C. She told me.

BILLY. She told you—Peggy told you? Why she hadn't time.

MISS C. She told me last night.

BILLY. Last night? Why, she couldn't. She just did it.

MISS C. Nonsense. Peggy fired that last winter. She did a whole fish-set at the same time. Peggy's a very accomplished girl.

BILLY. Yes, yes, she is. She can fire china to perfection.

MISS C. I'm so glad you appreciate her good points. When she passed me a minute ago I thought she looked angry and wondered if you had been having a little tiff.

BILLY. Little tiff. No, indeed. No one would call that a little tiff. Never!

ENTER COL. U. L.

COL. (*holding aloft a large fish*). How's that for luck?

BILLY. By George, what a beauty. Where did you catch it?

COL. Down by the landing. Never saw such a pretty fight in your life. Sport? I tell you!

MISS C. Why—why, it's alive!

COL. Did you expect me to land a dead fish? The worst of it is it's got to be cleaned.

READY *to enter* DOT and TEDDY U. R.

READY KITTY, PEGGY, FRANCIS and GORDON *to enter* U. R.

MISS C. Don't let that worry you. I'll clean it myself.

COL. Now that's something like.

MISS C. Do I use a brush or a cloth?

COL. What for?

MISS C. Why, to clean it with.

COL. You use a knife. Scrape him down to get off the scales.

MISS C. (*shrinking away*). Oh, I couldn't do that. How perfectly horrid. The poor thing, I know that string hurts him. Why don't you kill him and put him out of his misery? You men are so cruel.

COL. Perhaps you will suggest a humane method of exterminating him.

MISS C. I don't know. Of course chloroform's the most painless way.

ENTER DOT and TEDDY U. R.

DOT. Colonel! What a beautiful big fish. Who landed him?

COL. No one but I
 With my little fly
 I caught the fish.

DOT. Now we can really have something to eat. Oh, I'm so glad. Peggy, Kitty, Francis, everybody, come quickly. See what the Colonel's caught.

ENTER KITTY, PEGGY, FRANCIS, GORDON U. R.. *Men crowd around fish—lift him to guess weight.*

TEDDY (*clapping COL. on shoulder*). Colonel, you're a brick. You've saved our lives.

COL. Better make the most of him. There's a tremendous storm gathering and who knows when we can land another.

KITTY. Another? Who wants another?

TEDDY. We'll have one royal feast to-night.

GORDON. You can just bet your boots we will.

“For to-night we'll merrry, merry be,

(*All joining in chorus, forming ring and dancing around COL. who holds fish aloft*)

For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
For to-night we'll merrry, merry be,
To-morrow we'll be sober.”

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Same as before. The end of the week. Large screen folded in corner U. R. Wind and rain storm raging outside.* DISCOVERED FRANCIS and KITTY working over a large kite.

FRANCIS. Aw—I say, Miss Kitty, will you just pull that stwing a bit tighter?

KITTY. Tighter? Why it's so tight now it will never be sober again. Just stand up on that chair, will you, and hold her up so I can see if this is in the middle. (*Looks at*

kite as FRANCIS holds it up, then takes up shears) Isn't she a beauty?

FRANCIS. She's—aw—pwetty enough, but I can't see how she's ever going to make any headway in this gale.

KITTY. That's just the point. I shall depend upon the gale to carry her to land. (*Trimming off edges as she talks*) Now don't throw any more cold water, for I have set my heart upon this kite. Have you the message written?

FRANCIS (*fumbling in his pockets and holding up a little bag*). Yes, aw—I fawncy you'll find it will keep dwy in this oil-skin case.

KITTY (*taking bag from him and looking at it approvingly*). That's simply fine. Francis, you're an angel. If we succeed, I'll love you forever.

FRANCIS (*in consternation*). Aw—but you—you can't. You mustn't do that, you know. Why, I—I'm engaged.

KITTY (*returning the bag to FRANCIS and resuming work on the kite*). Oh, that doesn't make any difference. I don't mind in the least.

FRANCIS. But—but—weally, Miss Kitty, I—I'm twemendously sorry, but——

KITTY (*sitting on floor and attaching a long tail made of string and paper to kite*). You see yours isn't like a real engagement.

FRANCIS (*looking through his monocle at her over the top of kite*). Not like a weal engagement? Why—why, I don't understand. It is a weal engagement.

KITTY (*measuring off several yards of twine*). Oh, no, it isn't. A real engagement is when two people just love each other to pieces. Like—well—like Billy and Peggy did. Now you don't care a snap for Dot——

FRANCIS (*interrupting her*). I beg your pardon. I hold Miss Fwench in vewy high esteem.

KITTY (*breaking off piece of twine and kneeling up to fasten it to kite*). Esteem, fiddle-sticks. Who wants esteem? As for Dot—any one with half an eye can see she is simply wild about Teddy. (*Looks up impatiently as FRANCIS lowers kite*) For goodness sake, don't let it fall. Hold it up. Higher. She was crazy about him ages before she ever met you.

FRANCIS. Do you mean to say that Mr. Thurston and Miss Fwench were—er——

READY GORDON *to knock at door.*

KITTY (*briskly*). Of course they were—and are still for that matter. (*Impatiently*) If you lower that again, I'll jab

you with these shears. She is only flirting with you, to get him on a string again. And he's so wild about her that he's ready to chew you up. There! (*Sits back on her heels*) Now you can come down. And see if you can make anything out of this snarl. It gets worse and worse. (*Gives him twine. Footsteps heard off stage*) Oh, bother, here comes some one. (*Rises, goes to door, holding it firmly shut*) Who's there?

GORDON (*off stage*). It's I, Gordon.

KITTY (*seating herself in chair which she draws up close to door*). Oh, is that all? Well, you can't come in.

GORDON (*off stage*). Why not?

KITTY (*to GORDON*). Because I'm fixing a secret. (*To FRANCIS*) Give me that piece, Francis, and I'll unravel it.

GORDON (*off stage*). Well, I've got to see you. Are you alone?

KITTY. Yes.

GORDON (*off stage*). You are not at all. I heard you speak to some one.

KITTY. Oh, that was only Francis. I don't count him.

GORDON (*off stage, furiously*). Kitty Campbell, you promised me you'd never speak to that idiot again. Are you going to open this door?

KITTY. No, I'm not. (*To FRANCIS*) How am I ever going to get this untangled when you pull it so?

FRANCIS. Aren't you going to let him in?

KITTY. No, indeed. He'd only make fun of our plan.

FRANCIS. But he—he won't like it. Aw—I say, Miss Kitty, I—aw—don't want to be impertinent, but—I aw—think that boy likes you. I do weally.

KITTY (*in pretended surprise*). You don't mean it. What ever put such an idea into your head?

FRANCIS. It—aw—just occurred to me. And—aw—he might think that you were—aw—er—flirting with aw—me—you know.

KITTY (*calmly cutting twine*). Well, so I am.

FRANCIS (*in open-mouth surprise*). You are?

KITTY. Of course I am. You see, I started it to make Dot jealous and then kept it up to pay Gordon back. Better wind that up.

FRANCIS (*getting all tangled up in the twine which he has been nervously uncoiling*). And—and you didn't mean—aw—anything?

KITTY. Not a thing. You've been tremendously good about it. Played right into my hands like an angel. I don't

know what I should have done without you. You didn't mind, did you? (*A slight pause*) Why, I never thought you'd care.

FRANCIS. As far as I can see, you nevah thought about me at all.

KITTY. No, I didn't. You see, I'm just wild for Dot and Teddy to make up, and Ted won't say a word because he's so honorable and all that nonsense. So I made up my mind that if Dot could be persuaded to think that we were interested in each other she'd throw you over and then Teddy could sail in.

(*GORDON appears outside of window.*)

FRANCIS. And that's why you were so jolly nice to me all the time?

KITTY. Yes, and you were so good you made it awfully easy.

FRANCIS. Pardon—me—But—aw—are you engaged to—aw—Gordon?

KITTY. Oh, dear, no. I'm not going to get engaged for ages. Not till I'm twenty at least. But I'm going to have my fun all the same.

FRANCIS. I see. You're going to have your fun. (*Taking her hand*) Miss Kitty, listen to me.

GORDON (*who has been standing at the window during the last few minutes*). I thought as much. I just knew what your secrets were. (*Climbs in through window*) And as for you (*to FRANCIS*), what have you got to say for yourself? Engaged to one girl and making love to another. Just like you Englishmen.

KITTY (*stepping between FRANCIS and GORDON*). Gordon, be quiet. Francis wasn't making love at all. Never dreamed of such a thing. If you really must know, we're making a kite.

GORDON. Nonsense. You don't take me in so easily.

KITTY. And we're going to fly it to-night.

GORDON. Much you are.

KITTY. And we've written a message and tied it up in this bag and somebody will find it and come to our rescue.

GORDON (*contemptuously*). Like fun they will. Do you suppose that trashy affair (*pointing to kite*) is going to weather this gale. Piffles. It won't go two feet.

KITTY. It will. I know it will. Why, Gordon, do you realize that something has *got* to be done. Here it is Saturday and not a boat's been near us, thanks to this storm. I

can't say anything to Peggy, for she's nearly wild, but I—I can't sleep at night—I—I'm so hungry.

GORDON. Kit, you don't mean it. (KITTY *nods emphatically*) Listen, I've got some good news for you. Promise you won't breathe a word of it to a soul. Peggy found a box of smoked beef and *four* potatoes this morning behind the flour barrel and we're going to have them for dinner to-night.

KITTY. Oh, goody, goody, goody. Gordon, if you're teasing, I'll never forgive you.

GORDON. I'm not teasing. It's the Gospel truth. She wants to surprise you, but I just couldn't keep it.

FRANCIS. Aw—I say—I think I'll twy the kite, if you'll excuse me.

GORDON. Here, wait a minute, English, I'll give you a boost.

FRANCIS. Thanks, United States, but I—aw—prefer to twy it alone, if it's aw—all the same to you.

GORDON (*stiffly turning away*). Just as you please.

FRANCIS (*to KITTY as GORDON stalks away*). Miss Kitty, I—aw—can't bear to think that you are—aw—weally hungwy. You always seem so bwight and jolly that it never occurred to me that you could—aw—be suffering.

KITTY. Oh, that's all right. I didn't mean to complain, for we're all in the same fix.

FRANCIS. And—aw—if I don't succeed, you—you'll know that I—aw—did my best?

KITTY. I certainly shall. If she doesn't fly, it won't be your fault.

FRANCIS. Thanks awfully. And—and there's one thing more. You'll hear me vewy severely cwiticised to-night. They—they'll say some nawsty things, but will you twy not to be too hard. Just keep thinking he had to do it. He needed stwength. Thanks awfully. Good-bye. (*Shakes hands with her during this entire speech, then drops her hand reluctantly, takes kite and goes toward door. Stops a second at threshold as if about to say something, then looks at GORDON*)

[EXIT U. L.]

KITTY (*looking after him with puzzled frown*). I wonder what he meant. Wait, I'll call him back and ask him. (*Starts toward door*)

GORDON (*stepping between KITTY and door*). No, you won't. You're going to stay here and listen to me. I haven't seen you alone for ages.

KITTY (*tossing her head*). Whose fault is that?

GORDON. Yours. The way you've kept that mother's pet dangling at your heels is enough to drive a horse to drink.

KITTY (*turning to him quickly*). But you forget.

GORDON (*folding his arms and scowling at her*). I forget nothing. The time has come for you to choose between us.

KITTY (*laughing and counting as children choose for games*). Eeny, Meeny, Miny, Mo—Catch a——

GORDON (*catching her by the arm*). Kitty Campbell, will you be serious?

KITTY. Quoth the raven—"Nevermore."

GORDON. I see how it is, you don't want to answer me. You are afraid. Afraid to confess that you've thrown me over for him. That I am nothing to you. Less than nothing.

KITTY (*smiling up into his face archly*). If you only knew how funny you look when you lose your temper.

GORDON (*throwing her arm roughly from him and turning away*). Pshaw, you're a heartless flirt and I'm a fool.

KITTY (*turning to him in surprise and rubbing her arm*). Gordon! You—you hurt me.

GORDON (*bitterly*). I'm glad of it.

KITTY. Gordon!

GORDON (*savagely*). Yes, glad. How many times have you hurt me? Tell me that. (*Turns, sees KITTY sink into chair, put her arm on chair-back and drop her head upon her arm*) Why—why, Kitty-girl. You're not crying? (*Puts his hand on her shoulder*)

KITTY (*springing up, brushing the back of her hand hastily across her eyes*). Go away. Do you hear me. I'm tired of you and your tempers.

READY COLONEL and MISS CAULDWELL to enter U. R.

GORDON. Kitty, do—do you mean that?

KITTY. Yes, I do. I never want to see you again.

GORDON (*going to door, then turning on threshold*). Very well, you won't. I shall go away and I'll never, never come back.

KITTY. I hope you won't.

GORDON (*opening door, then starting back into room, catches KITTY's hand and runs with her to opposite entrance*). Quick, this door.

KITTY. What's the matter? Who is it?

GORDON. The Colonel, and she's with him. They've got it in for us. Gee. It's locked. (*Tries door*) We're caught. (*Pulls KITTY behind screen which he opens*)

ENTER COLONEL *and* MISS CAULDWELL U. R.

COL. Where's that young rascal?

MISS C. (*opening a book she is carrying, reading a line, then looking up at COL.*) Never mind him now, I want to read you something. My dear Colonel, could anything be more beautiful than these sentiments: "Two souls with but"—

COL. (*interrupting her*). Now you're talking, Miss Cauldwell. Soles. Most delicious morsels ever tasted. I tell you, when properly cooked sole is the daintiest dish set before a king.

MISS C. (*laughing and closing the book*). Colonel, you're so prosaic. Now give me——

COL. (*interrupting her briskly*). Shad. Just what I was going to say. Nothing like it this side of the Golden Gates. Had a darkey once could cook shad. Um-um. By George, Miss Cauldwell, you should have tasted Clem's shad.

MISS C. (*holding up book and sighing*). Colonel, I fear you don't appreciate these beautiful lines.

COL. Indeed I do, Miss Cauldwell. But here's the line (*taking hold of fishing-rod*) that appeals to me more. Worth its weight in gold every time.

MISS C. (*leaning forward*). Ah, Colonel, but don't you ever feel lonely knocking about the world by yourself?

COL. (*rising, going to fire-place and standing with his back to it*). Lonely? Not a bit of it. Tired of one spot, strike camp and follow the stream. Happy as the day is long.

MISS C. But one can't always fish. There must come a time——

COL. (*interrupting her briskly*). For shooting. Right you are. I tell you, with a gun over your shoulder and a dog at your heels.

MISS C. But surely there is something in the world higher, nobler than the society of a mere dog.

COL. Yes, ma'am, there's your horse. You never saw my hunter? Absolutely fearless. Not her match in the country. And, by George, she's eating her head off while I—I'm stuck in this hole. I beg your pardon.

MISS C. Not at all. I don't blame you for being provoked. Billy and Peggy have been most inconsiderate.

COL. Oh, I'm not blaming them.

MISS C. They're to blame nevertheless. They should not have depended upon one boat. Might have known something would happen. Now we've got to starve!

COL. Can you keep a secret?

MISS C. Just try me and see.

COL. Well, Peggy found a box of smoked beef and some other provisions behind the refrigerator, and you'll have something beside fish for dinner to-night.

MISS C. Colonel, you don't mean it? I thought this evening while I was dressing that if I had to sit down to a fish dinner again to-night I'd die. I don't see how you men stand it.

COL. My chief anxiety has been that the fishing wouldn't last. To-day I landed nothing but this. (*Takes bottle from pocket*)

MISS C. What is it?

COL. (*examining bottle sadly*). Bottle I tossed into the sea when I first learned of our dilemma—was banking on it too. Thought some one would pick it up and come to our rescue. Things look pretty black to me now. Can't see any way out of our predicament. If this storm would only subside. (*Goes to window. Looks out*)

MISS C. Colonel, if you lose hope I shall collapse. It's your faith in ultimate deliverance that has kept us all up. You have been so hopeful and so good-natured, refusing to blame any one for all our discomfort.

COL. But there wasn't anyone to blame.

READY DOT *to enter* U. R.

MISS C. Billy is so head-over-heels, but Peggy should have known better. It's a woman's place to think of such things. A thoughtful wife can save her husband so much. Yes, that's what every man needs. A thoughtful wife. Don't you agree with me, Colonel?

COL. I—I don't know. I—I never thought about it. Seems to me it's the other way round. Man's place to save his wife much as possible.

MISS C. Oh, Colonel, what an ideal husband you would make.

ENTER DOT U. R.

DOT. Cousin Laura, Peggy wishes to speak to you a minute.

COL. (*mopping his forehead*). By George. Narrow escape. She most got me that time. Er—if you will excuse me, I'll find Billy.

[EXIT COL., D. R.]

MISS C. (*rising angrily*). I do think, Dorothy, that you have a most provoking way of bursting into a room, regardless of what other people are saying or doing.

DOT. I beg your pardon. I thought only you and the Colonel were here.

MISS C. Only me and the Colonel indeed. Only me and the Colonel. Do you realize that he was on the verge of a proposal?

DOT. A proposal? The Colonel? Why he didn't look proposally a bit.

MISS C. Look so? How could he. He didn't know he was going to propose. But I did. I had just paved the way nicely when in you march and spoil everything. Now I shall have to begin all over. It's too provoking, where is Peggy?

DOT. In the kitchen. She's preparing a grand mystery for dinner.

READY TEDDY *to enter* U. L.

MISS C. Yes, I know. She came across some corned-beef and lots of vegetables to-day in the pantry and we're going to have something beside fish for dinner. But don't let on I told you. It's to be a great surprise.

DOT. Cousin Laura. Oh, I can't believe it. I've always hated fish. Oh, it's too good to be true.

MISS C. Just you wait till dinner time and you'll find out if it's true or not.

[EXIT U. R.]

DOT. Corned beef. Who'd have thought that the idea of corned-beef for dinner could make one so happy.

ENTER TEDDY, *carrying lantern and wearing long overcoat.*

TEDDY (*throwing aside lantern in disgust and dropping into a chair*). Well, it's all up with us. We're doomed.

DOT. Teddy! What do you mean? Why you've been out.

TEDDY. Yes, I've been out.

DOT. In all this storm? Why?

TEDDY. I knew that the Sound steamer was due to pass by here to-night and I——

DOT. The Sound steamer? Why, I didn't know——

TEDDY. No one knew. I was going to surprise you all. I had it all planned. I determined to signal her, so I slipped out with the lantern and for two solid hours I waited—waited—waited.

DOT. And she never came?

TEDDY. She came—and she passed us by. I did everything. I waved, I signaled, I fired my rifle, I shouted myself hoarse and all the time the storm raged and—and she

passed us by. Do you realize what that means? I have failed—failed.

DOT. You poor boy. You mustn't take this so to heart. (*Puts her hand on his shoulder as he sits with his head buried in his hands*)

TEDDY (*lifting his head and looking up at her*). Do you know that this means we are prisoners for another week?

DOT. Yes. But you mustn't worry so. We'll get along somehow.

TEDDY. But that's just it. We can't hold out another week. We are nearly starved now.

DOT. Hush, Ted, Peggy will hear you. Poor girl we must keep up for her sake. She is broken-hearted.

TEDDY (*taking her left hand*). It's not Peggy I'm thinking about, but you—you. I could stand it for myself, but to stand aside and see you suffer.

DOT. Teddy, you mustn't think about me.

TEDDY (*quickly*). I can't help it. I know I should hold my tongue but I'm desperate. (*Looks at her hand*) Dot, where's your ring?

DOT (*turning from him*). I took it off.

TEDDY. Why?

DOT. It—hurt my finger.

READY BILLY *to enter* U. R.

TEDDY. Where is it?

DOT. I gave it back to Francis.

TEDDY. When?

DOT. This evening. I think it will fit Kitty better than it did me.

TEDDY (*joyfully*). Then you are free? You are, you are. I may speak. I may tell you——

ENTER BILLY D. R.

BILLY. Oh, here you are. I've been looking everywhere for you. Where's Kitty?

TEDDY. I don't know. She's somewhere.

BILLY. No, she isn't. I've looked there.

TEDDY. Better look again.

BILLY. No, I think I'll wait here. She's probably flirting with Spaulding and I don't want to butt in. If there is anything I hate it is a man who hasn't sense enough to see when he isn't wanted.

KITTY (*behind screen*). It isn't so at all. I never did any such thing. I don't care what you say.

GORDON. It isn't what I say. It's what everybody says. They're all talking about it.

KITTY. Let them talk. I don't care a fig how much they talk.

GORDON. You ought to care. You said you'd marry me if I succeeded in getting us out of this scrape and while I'm working my fingers off——

KITTY. I'm starving to death. I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself—A big strong man like you to settle down and twiddle your thumbs while——

GORDON. I tell you I'm not twiddling my thumbs. I'm working, and planning.

KITTY. Working—fiddle-sticks. Much work you've done.

GORDON. Yes, much work I've done while you—you've been flirting in a disgracefully underhand fashion——

KITTY. It wasn't underhand. There was nothing underhand about it. You knew I was flirting and so did I.

GORDON. Yes, but *he* didn't know it.

KITTY. He did too. I told him so and he didn't mind—very much. He's a gentleman.

GORDON. Do you mean to insinuate that I'm not?

KITTY. You certainly are not. You're nothing but a disagreeable boy with an abominable temper. So there!

GORDON. And you're a perfect little shrew with the heart of a mosquito. (*A slap*)

DOT. How long do you suppose they've been there?

BILLY (*removing screen*). When you two have finished expressing your opinions in loud and forcible language I should like a word.

READY PEGGY *to enter* U. R.

KITTY (*turning furiously to BILLY*). Billy Middleton, how dare you?

GORDON. When a man is having a little argument with his best girl I should think you'd have sense enough not to butt in.

BILLY. But I think I can say something that would settle things peaceably.

GORDON. We don't want things settled peaceably. Do we Kit?

KITTY. No, we don't. We prefer to fight this out without any outside interference. Now you've interrupted us and I don't know where we left off.

ENTER PEGGY, U. R.

PEGGY (*with her handkerchief in one hand and a vegetable dish in the other*). Billy—Billy, where are you?

BILLY. Here, Peggy. What's the matter?

PEGGY. Something terrible has happened. We've been robbed.

READY COL. *to enter* U. R.

BILLY. Robbed? Nonsense!

PEGGY. It isn't nonsense at all. Some one has stolen our dinner.

DOT. What?

KITTY. I don't believe it.

PEGGY. Well, it's true. I had everything ready to serve and went into my room to dress. When I came back and took up the dishes they were empty. See. (*Takes cover off dish.*)

DOT. But Peggy, there's no one to take anything.

BILLY. Have you looked everywhere? Here let me search.

[EXIT U. R.]

ENTER COL. U. R.

COL. What's all the excitement?

PEGGY. Colonel, some one has stolen our dinner.

MISS C. Peggy, you don't mean that we are not going to have anything to eat after all.

DOT. But who could have taken it?

KITTY. That's what I say.

ENTER BILLY, U. R.

BILLY. You're right, Peg. There's not a scrap left. Not a morsel.

COL. But is there nothing in the larder that could be used?

BILLY. There is absolutely nothing in the house but a jar of French mustard.

COL. (*looking about*). Where is Spaulding?

GORDON. That's what I'd like to know.

DOT. He was here the early part of the evening.

MISS C. But where is he now? Who saw him last?

KITTY. I did, and I think you are all perfectly horrid. He wouldn't touch your old dinner.

BILLY. You needn't get so excited, Kitty, no one said he would.

KITTY. You all think so, however.

COL. You say you saw him last. Where did he go after he left you?

KITTY. He said he was going to fly the kite.

COL. Kite? What kite?

KITTY. The one we made. We thought we'd try to send a message that way.

COL. Not such a bad idea. But I saw him coming out of the kitchen about half an hour ago and he had no kite with him.

PEGGY. What was the last thing he said to you, Kitty?

KITTY. Why, he said—"You will probably hear some pretty nasty things said about me to-night but just keep thinking. "He had to do it. He needed strength." Don't you remember. (*To GORDON*) And I wondered what he meant?

GORDON. Yes, I remember. There's no doubt what he meant now. (*Doubling his fists*) Wait till I get a hold of him once. He'll need strength then.

PEGGY. I think he needn't have quite emptied the dishes.

KITTY. I don't care what you say or what you think, I don't believe he's the thief.

BILLY. Well, whether he's guilty or not the fact remains that we have nothing for dinner.

MISS C. And I'm so hungry.

TEDDY. We can't go on this way very long.

GORDON. Something's got to be done.

BILLY. I see but one way out of our difficulty.

COL. And that is——

BILLY. The cow.

COL. Cow? What cow?

BILLY. She will keep us alive for another week at least.

PEGGY. Billy, what do you mean? You surely don't intend to kill old Bess?

BILLY. Peggy, what else can we do?

PEGGY. I don't know, but you shall never, never kill Bess.

BILLY (*aside to PEGGY*). Listen, Peggy, if we just had ourselves to consider we'd starve before we'd sacrifice old Bess, but there are our guests. We are responsible for them. We have no right to consider our feelings in the least.

COL. (*coming up behind BILLY and slapping him on the shoulder*). That's a fine idea of yours, Middleton. Wonder we never thought of it before.

GORDON. How do you kill a cow. Cut her throat?

READY FRANCIS *to enter* U. L.

TEDDY. I think you knock her over the head.

COL. No, you stab her. Pig-sticking they call it.

BILLY. I think you choke her. I know a rope is always used.

GORDON. I tell you what, I'll shoot her. Surest way.

BILLY. Here, I'll get my pistol.

TEDDY. Better take my rifle.

[EXIT BILLY and GORDON U. L.]

PEGGY (*starting to follow them*). Oh, they mustn't, they mustn't. I can't let them shoot Bess.

MISS C. (*taking her by the arm*). Peggy, you're so foolish about that old cow. You might suppose she was a human being.

PEGGY. I can't help it. I love her.

MISS C. Nonsense. You can't love a cow.

PEGGY. But I do. Dot, go after them. Don't let them hurt her.

(DOT opens door U. L. FRANCIS *stumbles into the room his clothes and hair dripping wet*.)

DOT. Why, why, Francis!

FRANCIS. It's all right. She's here.

DOT. What's here?

FRANCIS. The—aw—boat.

KITTY. Boat! What boat?

FRANCIS. I think it's aw—what you call a smack. A fishing-smack.

DOT. A fishing-smack? Where did you find a fishing-smack.

FRANCIS. I aw—think it aw—found me, you know. You see I twied to swim to shore and it sort of picked me up.

KITTY. Swam to shore? You?

FRANCIS. Didn't quite er—, I didn't quite got there. Fact is I don't believe I should have gotten there at all. It was farther than I thought. It was weally. So they picked me up.

MISS C. Who picked you up?

FRANCIS. Some aw—fishermen. Vewy wough sort of chaps, you know, with a beastly dirty boat. I'm afwaid you girls won't exactly like it. So nawsty for your dwesses.

PEGGY. Do you mean to say that you have a boat here?

FRANCIS. Well, not here exactly. It's aw—at the landing. Vewy civil chaps those men, but wough—jolly wough.

KITTY. Francis, I can't believe my ears. (*Sound of shot fired off stage. GIRLS scream*)

FRANCIS. What's that?

READY men to enter U. L.

PEGGY (*covering her ears with her hands*). Oh, it's Bess. It's Bess, they've killed her. Why didn't we stop them?

Why didn't we? Why didn't we? (*Bursts into tears. Dot goes to her and tries to comfort her*)

ENTER BILLY and GORDON, U. L.

GORDON. I couldn't do it, Peggy. I tried to, but she looked at me and I lost my nerve. We'll try to stick it out for a day or two longer— (*Catches sight of FRANCIS*) By Jove, you're just the fellow I want to see. What do you mean by——

PEGGY (*springing in between GORDON and FRANCIS*). Gordon, be still. Do you know what he's done? He swam to shore.

COL. He did what?

FRANCIS. Aw—but I didn't get there. It was so jolly far you know. It was weally.

DOT. But he nearly got there and he was picked up by some fishermen and he made them bring their boat here and it's at the landing.

FRANCIS. Beastly looking cwaft. Smells so howwid and fishey.

KITTY. Gordon!

GORDON. Wait a minute, Kit. (*To FRANCIS*) Do you mean to say that you faced that sea in this storm?

FRANCIS. Somebody had to do it. Things were in a jolly mess here. Why there wasn't a thing in the house to eat. There wasn't weally.

GORDON (*holding out his hand*). Shake.

BILLY. Look here, we all owe you an apology. We've been giving it to you pretty rough to-night.

FRANCIS. Aw—yes, about that aw—dinner. I was awfully sowwy to do it, but you see I had to have something or I should never have made it. I shouldn't weally.

KITTY. Why didn't you tell us what you were going to do instead of leaving us to call you all the mean names in the dictionary?

FRANCIS. I couldn't—weally. You see I might not have succeeded and then it would have been a bit wough on you all. I don't mean that exactly. But—well aw—Miss Fwench has a—Thurston, and Miss Kitty—er—Gordon and aw—the Colonel, Miss Cauldwell—

MISS C. Colonel, you told. You promised me to keep it a secret.

COL. Vow I didn't. Never mentioned it.

FRANCIS. So I knew I wouldn't be missed and——

GORDON. Look here, English, you're a brick and if Kitty

says the word I'll step aside and you can have your innings right now.

FRANCIS. Thanks awfully, but you see I've got to get to the Point and meet my valet. A fellow can't wear the same clothes forever. He can't weally.

GORDON. By Jove! I don't know when you're serious or when you're kidding. But you've got sand all right and I say three cheers for England.

FRANCIS. And I pwopose three cheers for United States.

TEDDY. And Billy's Bungalow.

GORDON (*going c.*). England, United States and Billy's Bungalow. (*All cheer*) Come on, boys. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

CURTAIN.

Plays for Male Characters

WIDOW'S PROPOSALS, The. 15 cents. A farce in 1 act, by W. D. FELTER. 3 male characters—one impersonating an old woman, which is the leading part. No scenery required. Time of playing, 30 minutes. An episode from "The Bedott Papers" that admits of low-comedy treatment, so that a succession of giggles will greet its performance from first to last. The author has produced this skit at scores of entertainments, and never yet failed to bring down the house with it.

APRIL FOOLS. 15 cents. A farce in 1 act, for 3 male characters, by W. F. CHAPMAN. Time, 30 minutes. For a half hour of roaring fun this farce has few equals. It is brisk, bright and full of funny situations, and the characters are exceedingly well contrasted. Each imagining that the others are foolish, crazy or drunk, misunderstandings follow one another in rapid succession until, when everything is in a hopeless tangle, it is discovered that all three are the victims of a practical joker, who has made "April Fools" of them. No scenery required.

WANTED, A MAHATMA. 15 cents. A comic sketch in 1 act, for 4 male characters, by GORDON V. MAY. 1 interior scene. Professor Astralile, a fortune-teller, is in bad luck. Squire Babcock offers him a hundred dollars for a Mahatma. His friend, Frisby, an adventurer, disguises himself as a Mahatma. Squire puts his wallet on table. The temptation is too much for Frisby, who grabs the wallet. A struggle—the disguise falls off. Exposure and escape.

HOLY TERROR, A. 15 cents. A farce in 1 act, by O. WENLANDT. 4 male characters—either white or black face. Plain room scene or no scene at all. Costumes to suit, except that of one character who is rigged out as a howling "swell." Plays 30 minutes. Specialties can be introduced according to convenience and talent. The piece will make an audience laugh till they're tired.

WANTED, A CONFIDENTIAL CLERK. 15 cents. A farce in 1 act, by W. F. CHAPMAN. 6 male characters, viz.: eccentric merchant with a weakness for proverbs, comic Irishman, "dude," talkative "sport," shabby genteel "bummer" and the clerk who gets the situation. No scenery required. Time, 30 minutes. A capital farce with scope for easy character acting, full of ridiculous situations, racy dialogue, comical "business" and spirited action. Shows a merchant's difficulty in securing a satisfactory clerk, and creates unlimited merriment.

MANAGER'S TRIALS, A. 15 cents. A farce in 1 act, by A. L. FISHER, for 9 male characters, viz.: theatrical manager, darky servant, "tough," dude, stage-struck Dutchman, crushed tragedian, Irish policeman, and 2 comic female rôles ("high kicker" and old maid) to be played by male actors. *Daniel Slowman* advertises for a few more people for the "Fly by Night Folly Co." His encounters with the various stage-struck applicants who respond will make a mummy laugh. The piece is rich in opportunities for easy but telling character acting for 9 boys or young men.

"MEDICA." 15 cents. A farce in 1 act, by W. K. ENGLE. 7 male characters—2 darkeys, 5 white faces. Scene, a doctor's office. Costumes to suit. Time, 35 minutes. Runs with a snap from beginning to end—there isn't a slow part in it—and is sure to please. When originally played by the Amphion Minstrels, it elicited continuous screams of laughter from a delighted audience. It will bring down the house wherever played.

SNOBSON'S STAG-PARTY. 15 cents. A farce in 1 act, by LEVIN C. TEES. 12 male characters, including 2 female impersonators. Parlor scene. Runs about 1 hour if played "straight"; can be lengthened with "specialties" (which are provided for) according to talent. In giving his party *Snobson* invites the guests at random from the city directory. The guests arrive, including two ladies—white and black—who get in by mistake, and a hot old time ensues. Finally, *Bill Ballotbox* comes in with a brass band and a political delegation, and the fun culminates in a regular war dance. The cast includes a crusty old gent, gay youth, "coon," Dutchman, Irishman, Dago, Cockney, wench, Irishwoman, tough citizen, crushed tragedian, ward politician. The piece will fetch incessant roars of laughter, and can be made the medium of all kinds of "specialties."

MISCHIEVOUS BOB. 15 cents. A comic drama in 1 act, for 6 male characters. Plain room scene. Time, 40 minutes. A taking farce for boys, marked by a serious, and even pathetic, as well as comic interest. The characters are true to nature, and the moral gilded with genuine humor. *Bob* should be played by a small boy; the size of the others is unimportant.

GOLDEN GULCH

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

By CHARLES TOWNSEND

PRICE 25 CENTS

Eleven male, three female characters, including a gentleman outlaw, a scout, a hotel landlord, a pugilist, a Western tough, a sly Chinaman, a cullud politician, a Jew peddler, a sanctimonious reformer, a Western mad-cap girl, a strong-minded woman and a Yankee old maid. Time of playing, 2¼ hours. The action is in the Wild West, with wide diversity of characters and dramatic incident, and requiring only two easily staged scenes.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act I.—The Golden Gulch hotel. A musical Chinaman. "Annie Rooney." The festive dude and the negro politician. The Jew peddler. Gentleman George makes a purchase. Jess and the outlaw. Frank and Naggle compare notes. Old acquaintances. A warning. The dude on his muscle. The card-sharper. The tract distributor. The game begins. Frank takes a hand. "Hands up! I hold a trump card!" "I hold another!"

Act II.—Among the hills. Time, the next morning. Ireland and Africa at war. A big scare, and nobody hurt. The missionary makes a trial. "Big fool! Wah!" The false message. The robbery. Old Ike in the toils. The dude investigates and strikes a hard customer. A villainous scheme. The accusation of murder. "Stand back! It's my turn now!"

Act III.—At the hotel, one hour later. Active prohibition. Toots and O'Gooligan on a bender. The Chinese way. The smashed up missionary. Toots makes an offer. Frank a prisoner. Judge O'Gooligan opens court. Getting a jury. The judge presents the case. Some tough evidence. The verdict. The end of "Gentleman George." Finale.

The JAIL BIRD

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS

By CHARLES TOWNSEND

PRICE 25 CENTS

Seven male, two female characters. Leading juvenile man, character heavy, comedy, low comedy, walking gentleman, utility man. Leading lady, old woman comedy, soubrette. Time of playing, 2½ hours. New in treatment, arousing sympathy and merriment throughout. No difficult scenes.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act I.—Scene, a room in Isaacs' concert hall. The detective and the crook. A profitable deal. Donovan and Isaacs compare notes. The counterfeit money. Matt and Donovan. Jennie. Homeless and friendless. The insult. The Jew learns a lesson. Arrested.

Act II.—Time, two years later. Scene, Jennie Foster's rooms in Mrs. Babbleton's lodging house. Matt's letter. Matt's arrival. Prison experience. Bob "blows in." A specimen of the New York "kid." Matt refunds the money. Denham, the broker. Sunshine ahead.

Act III.—A lapse of six months. Scene, ante-room in Denham's office. Matt's advice. Mrs. Babbleton investigates. Darby's discovery. Donovan in hot water. A cunning rascal. Discharged.

Act IV.—Six months later. Scene, the concert hall again. Planning a robbery. The last chance. Husband and wife. Jennie's faith. Bob on a "bender." The swindlers. Hunted down. Matt's desperation. Matt's cunning. Foiled! Striking tableau.

Act V.—Half an hour later. Scene, Denham's office. Darby speaks his mind. Leaving the train. Matt asserts himself. A thrilling struggle. Victory! Finale.

THE STEEL KING

COMEDY-DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

By HORACE C. DALE

PRICE 25 CENTS

Five male, four female characters, consisting of a factory owner, a lawyer, two mechanics, a rascally negro, an old woman clairvoyant, two girls, policeman, etc. Time of playing, 2¼ hours. A story of strife and lawlessness, hatred and hypnotism. Can be played with the scenery in any hall.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act I.—The dynamite bomb. A test of will power. A labor champion, a remedy for grievances. An appeal. Explanation. "I go downtown if it means to my death." "You shall not."

Act II.—Hatred and vengeance. Will power prevails. Henry assaulted. The two spies. The mob's attack. Heroic sacrifice. Rescue.

Act III.—Appeal for mercy. Attempted bribe. "Your arm is paralyzed."

Act IV.—The attack. Overpowered. The retreat. Startling revelations. Restitution.

THE GYPSY QUEEN

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

By HORACE C. DALE

PRICE 25 CENTS

Five male, three female characters. Heavy character man and four comedy characters. The Gypsy Queen, and two walking ladies. Time of playing, 2½ hours. Startling situations. 1 interior and 1 exterior scenes.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act I.—An angry father's demand. A feminine device. Joe and Inez. The gathering storm. A daughter's defiance. The Gypsy Queen.

Act II.—An early visitor. One month later. Caught napping. Holt in the soup. Inez and Dora. The wedding march. Euchered.

Act III.—The roll call. A knave's compact. Love *versus* duty. The lovers' meeting. A murderous assault. Tricked again.

Act IV.—An April shower. Revelations of the past. Brought to judgment. A novel marriage. Crowning of the Queen.



COMEDIES AND DRAMAS

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BREAKING HIS BONDS. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	3
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GYPSY QUEEN. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
IN THE ABSENCE OF SUSAN. 3 Acts; 1½ hours.....	4	6
JAIL BIRD. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6	3
JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	7	4
MY LADY DARRELL. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9	6
MY UNCLE FROM INDIA. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	13	4
NEXT DOOR. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5	4
PHYLLIS'S INHERITANCE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9
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ROGUE'S LUCK. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5	3
SQUIRE'S STRATAGEM. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6	4
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WHAT'S NEXT? 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	7	4
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